Jan. 19, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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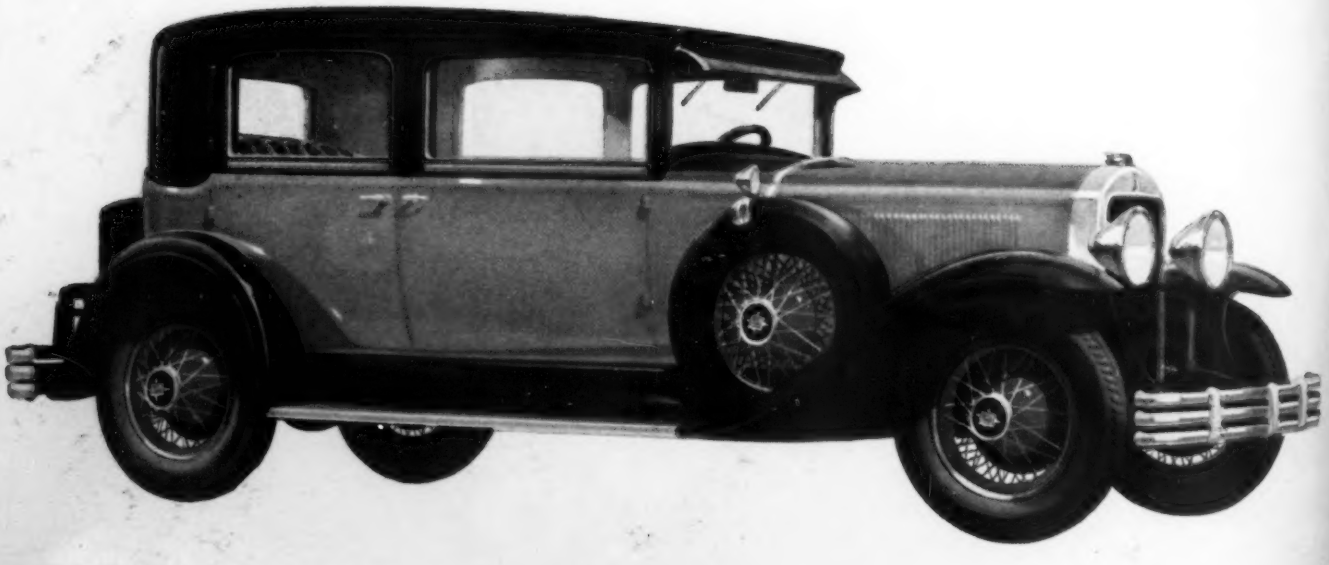

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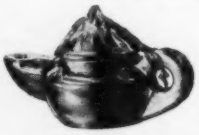
AMOR  **SKIN**

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. IV, No. 48, January 19, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 26]

THE THEATRE

(Curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and the midweek matinée is given on Wednesday, unless otherwise specified below. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Thwarted love in the day of the bustle, played in waltz time. With Katharine Cornell. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—A not too good Viennese comedy made irresistible by the performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. (Guild, 52, W. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 18.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Jan. 19; Wed. Mat., Jan. 23; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 24; Sat. Mat., Jan. 26.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," adapted by Granville Barker from a play by the Quintero brothers. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 19; Tues. and Fri. Eves., Jan. 22 and 25.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in a fine production of Tchekov's play. (Mon. and Wed. Eves., Jan. 21 and 23.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Sat. Eve., Jan. 26.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again revives his successful production of Rostand's play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Jed Harris sponsors a better newspaper show than you've ever seen. (Times Square, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's delightful comedy about the daughters of a stuffy plutocrat and a young man who feels the joy of life. (Plymouth, 45, W. 2:35 and 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JEALOUSY—Only two people and one emotion but exciting nevertheless; expertly played by Fay Bainter and John Halliday. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—Sierra's study of a woman's love for humanity, graced by Miss Barrymore's beautiful performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—A charming comedy proving that fathers have their feelings too, even if they're not married. (Morosco, 45, W. Moves to the Ambassador, 49, W., Mon., Jan. 21.)

MAJOR BARBARA—Uneven Shaw produced in a workmanlike, but uninspired, manner by the Guild. (Republic, 42, W.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—In and out of fidelity with a suburban family. Well cast and acted. (Booth, 45, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady lends some importance to a mild play. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Irene Bordoni in an inoffensive farce, with superb songs by Cole Porter. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—The heroine solves a murder mystery, and you'd know how she was going to do it if you were bright enough. By A. A. Milne, and worth seeing. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Eugene O'Neill's cycle of one-act sea plays: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve. except Mon. at 8:40, and Mat. Sat. only at 2:40.)

THE SKYROCKET—Pleasant comedy of a young man who makes a lot of money and loses it. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's nine-act study of love and neuroses, played by a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

VERMONT—The conflict of bootlegger and Puritan interestingly set forth. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE WILD DUCK—The Actors' Theatre revives its excellent Ibsen production, with Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 26.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—A Shelleyan scientist masters the atom to the dismay of the British Cabinet. A fine play, produced by the Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE YELLOW JACKET—Again the exquisite legend presented in the Chinese manner. (Coburn, 63, E. Mat. Thurs.)

NOTE—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas produced in the spirit of the palmy days, is worth the trip to the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken, where it can be seen Eves. at 8:30, and Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The frenzied humor of the mad Marxes. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—Maybe you don't like colored revues, but have you ever seen Bill Robinson's tap dance? (Eltinge, 42, W. 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Extra performance Thurs. at midnight.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—W. C. Fields in a show distinguished only for his great comedy, and Joe Frisco. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Does for the country club what "Good News" did for higher education. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Ann Pennington, Harry Richman, and other favorites in what is otherwise just another "Scandals." (Apollo, 42, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 19.)

GOOD BOY—A bagful of scenic tricks with no more than enough music and comedy to see it through. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

HELLO DADDY!—Lew Fields and a charming cast do what they can with second-rate material. (Mansfield, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The prizefight theme in a swift musical comedy. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

POLLY—A grade B musical comedy starring the London favorite, June. (Lyric, 42, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf and complicated romantic goings-on in seventeenth-century France. Good fun, if not taken seriously. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—The highly satisfying product of Edna Ferber's novel, Jerome Kern's music, and the talents of Helen Morgan and Charles Winninger. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—A not-so-lavish but much wittier revue than the native variety. With Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—A typical Fred and Dorothy Stone musical show gloriously obscured by Will Rogers substituting for Fred. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. Try and get in! (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—Mary Hay, Clifton Webb, and Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, will be at the Palace for the week starting Sun., Jan. 20. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates of openings.)

BALIEFF'S CHAUVE-SOURIS—Revised edition. Opens Tues., Jan. 22. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Fri.)

SERENA BLANDISH—A Jed Harris production, with Constance Collier, A. E. Matthews, and Ruth Gordon. Opens Wed., Jan. 23. (Morosco, 45, W.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

GYPSY—A play by Maxwell Anderson, with Claiborne Foster. (Klaw, 45, W.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—As agreeably informal as ever.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana, appearing before a smart after-theatre crowd.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Top-notch, as usual; Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Dancing to the old Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, Frances Williams, and Aaronson's Commanders. Isn't that enough?*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Don Dickerman decorations and excellent food, accompanied by Rudy Vallee's band. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, with Helen Morgan, and a Paul Whiteman orchestra.

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	28
A REPORTER AT LARGE	34
PARIS LETTER	41
HOCKEY	44
COURT GAMES	46
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	52
THIS AND THAT	54
THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW	57
THE ART GALLERIES	61
MUSICAL EVENTS	64
PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS	66
THE CURRENT CINEMA	70
OUT OF TOWN	72
RECENT BOOKS	74
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	77

THE NEW YORKER
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Upper right—Bramley two-piece man-tailored costume of fine kashmir with dress of an entirely new printed silk crêpe in a design originated exclusively for Bramley. The coat is shoulder lined with silk crêpe. Navy blue, tan or black coats with dress in harmonizing print. 29.50

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Lower left — Bramley three-piece man-tailored costume of a very fine new tweed with separate "bow" overblouse of silk crêpe; skirt on silk bodice-top. In the new shades of tan, gray, blue or red. 29.50

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Lower right—Bramley dress, made of exclusive hand-blocked silk crêpe scarfs. The separate matching scarf may be worn as a scarf or a trailing handkerchief. Pleated skirt on silk bodice-top. Tan and brown, tan and red, black and white or yellow and blue. 29.50

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 26]

(Continued from page 4)

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Dancing to Vincent Lopez music in a startling setting by Joseph Urban. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 6000)—A favorite with the younger set. Must dress.

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Smart, Russian, and with an infinitesimal dance floor.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical of a number of places are: The Mirador, 200 W. 51, Meyer Davis music and an elaborate floor show; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, Jack White to amuse you; The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way between 50 and 51, with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has an entertaining show; Texas Guinan Showplace, 203 W. 54, with Texas Guinan and her gang; The Little Club, 44th Street Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, Phil Baker the main attraction.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq., are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the best places without a knowing guide, but you will find Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, worth visiting. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, and is best on Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900.)

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—William Haines as the safe-breaker, Lionel Barrymore as the hard-boiled detective, and some good talking scenes, make this worthwhile. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE BARKER—Fair enough movie version of the play about circus life. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

INTERFERENCE—The stage success made into a fairly interesting all-talking picture. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice in a Vitaphone picture that features her songs. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE RESCUE—Good picturization of Joseph Conrad's story, with Ronald Colman. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous daily from 10 A.M.)

THE RIVER—Passion in the backwoods vividly portrayed by Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the Al Jolson public, with the Vitaphone at its best. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Behind the German Lines," four years of war from the German side; "Craig's Wife," from the George Kelly play, with Irene Rich; "Four Devils," love among the acrobats; "Homecoming," a fine German picture for one of your serious moods; "Lonesome," Glenn Tryon, Barbara Kent, and fine camera work; "The Masks of the Devil," John Gilbert as a Viennese villain; "The Patriot," Jannings superb as a mad Russian czar; "Scarlet Seas," Mr. Barthelmess undergoing the hardships of shipwreck, mutiny, and spiritual love on the southern seas; "Show People," Marion Davies and William Haines in a burlesque of Hollywood; "The Wedding March," Von Stroheim's elaborate film of pre-war Vienna; "Wings," the aerial side of war.

ART

BOYD—First large show of a surprising talent trained abroad: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 26.

CHIRICO—Show of large work of a distinctive painter: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 26.

DUCHAMP-VILLON—Memorial works of one of the moderns in sculpture: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HARTLEY—First show in several years of one of America's best moderns: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

MACY—Group of known artists and beginners meeting the public more than half-way: Macy, 6th floor, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MELCHERS—Full show of paintings by one of the conservatives: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 26.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

POLLET—Sharing with Burkhard and Kuehne: Whitney, 10 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 19.

REMBRANDT—Private collection of 177 etchings of the master: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., above 59. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RODIN—An exhibition of his water colors: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 26.

SPEICHER—Show of late work of this competent painter: Rehn, 693 5 Ave., above 54. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 19.

WATER COLOR—Annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 20.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

ALEXANDER GRETCHANINOFF AND NINA KOSHETZ—Songs of the eminent Russian visitor, sung by Mme. Koshetz with the composer assisting. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 19.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Still the one guitarist. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19.

HAROLD SAMUEL—The big Bach man. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 20.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Mystery program by celebrities. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 21.

WALTER GIESEKING—One of the best of all pianists. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 23.

ARTHUR HONEGGER AND PRO-MUSICA—One of the most modern moderns and more such. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 24.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Here you are! Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 26.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2:30. . . . Arthur Honegger and Hans Lange conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 20. . . . Fritz Reiner conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:45; Sat. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:45.

SYMPHONIC SINGERS—Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Jan. 20.

NEW YORK CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY—Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Jan. 20, at 9.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 21.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camillieri conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 26.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"The Barber of Seville," Fri. Aft., Jan. 18, at 2; "Turandot," Fri. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8:15; "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Sat. Aft., Jan. 19, at 2:15; "Jonny Spielt Auf," Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:15 (American première). (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

GERMAN OPERA COMPANY—At the Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way: "Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Jan. 18, at 1:30, and Sat. Eve., Jan. 19, at 6; "Goetterdaemmerung," Mon. Aft., Jan. 21, at 1:30, and Tues. Aft., Jan. 22, at 4.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Mon. through Sat. Eves., Jan. 21-26, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 26, at 2:15. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Damrosch conducting: Sat. Eves., Jan. 19 and 26, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Arthur Honegger and Hans Lange conducting: Sun., Jan. 20, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Old-time concert favorites: Sun., Jan. 20, at 7 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—"Carmen," Mon., Jan. 21, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Chicago Civic Opera, "Aida," Wed., Jan. 23, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Leo Lomski vs. James J. Braddock, heavyweights, Fri., Jan. 18; preliminaries start at 8:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden, at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Jan. 20. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Jan. 22. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Montreal, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 24.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Penn. Military College vs. Squadron A, Hartford Cavalry vs. Squadron A, and Riding Club vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Jan. 19. . . . N. Y. A. C. vs. Squadron A, Essex Troop vs. Squadron A, and Governor's Island vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Jan. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—In her extraordinary character sketches: Comedy Theatre, 41, E. of B'way; Eves. at 8:40; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.

PUBLIC BALLS—Bal Guignol, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Jan. 18, at 10:30. . . . The Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Jan. 18, at 10. . . . Charity Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Tues. Eve., Jan. 22, at 10:30. . . . The Beaux-Arts Ball, Astor, Fri. Eve., Jan. 25, at 10:30 (French costumes from the Directorate to the Napoleonic Period). . . . Old Guard Ball, Waldorf, Fri. Eve., Jan. 25, at 10:30.

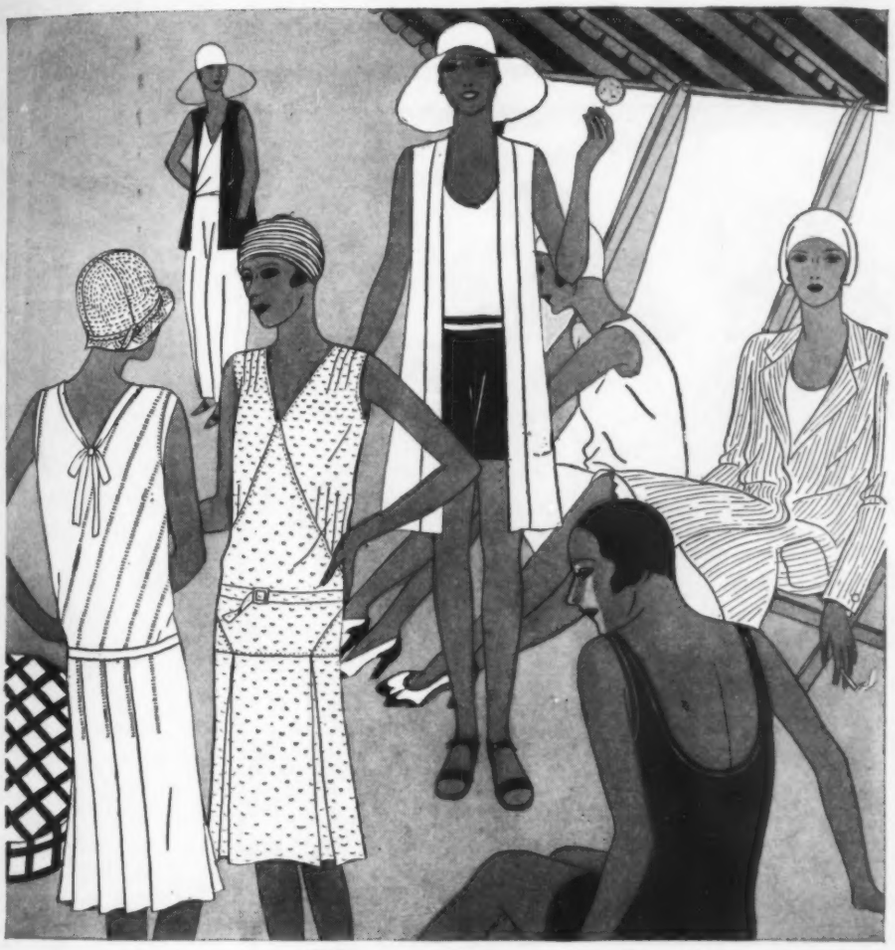
MOTOR BOAT SHOW—At Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Fri., Jan. 18 at 7 P.M.; weekdays thereafter 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 26.

MUSICALES—Paul Althouse, tenor; Maria Kurenko, soprano; and Leonora Cortez, pianist, will take part in the first of the Roosevelt Recitals for Misericordia Hospital, at the Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Jan. 18, at 11:30. . . . The English Singers will appear at the next Artistic Morning at the Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Jan. 24, at 11:30. . . . Benefit for Yorkville Music School; Princess de Broglie demonstrating the Thereminvox; Esther Dale, soprano; and the Old World Trio: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30.

DANCE RECITALS—Martha Graham: Booth Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Jan. 20, at 3. . . . Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi: Hudson Theatre, 44, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Jan. 20, at 9.

AUCTIONS—Italian art of the Quattrocento and High Renaissance: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 18 and 19. . . . Antique American and English furniture: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 18 and 19, at 2. . . . The second part of the library of Jerome Kern: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59, Mon. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:15; Tues. Aft., Jan. 22, at 2; Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 22, 23, and 24, at 8:15. . . . Spanish paintings, furniture, and rugs, from the collection of Luiz Ruiz: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57, Thurs., Fri., and Sat., Jan. 24, 25, and 26.

What's missing from this picture?



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

French handmade silk sleeveless frock 65.00

Pin-point damask sleeveless frock 39.50

Sleeveless terry beach coat 5.95

Backless wool knit swimming suit 8.50

White corduroy coat without buttons 29.50

If you know what's missing, you know what's smart, for it's funny but true, that Palm Beach chic this season depends largely on *going without!*

Omissions are important in the new Southland fashions and one reason why the little Southland Shop at Best's is attracting such a smart patronage is that these omissions are understood and observed.

The important "without" fashions in all their smart versions are ready at Best's

THE FROCK WITHOUT SLEEVES
THE COAT WITHOUT BUTTONS
THE HAT WITHOUT STIFFENING
THE BATHING SUIT · WITHOUT A BACK

PARIS
LONDON

Best & Co.

PALM
BEACH

Fifth Ave. at 35th St.—N. Y.

shopping at saks-fifth avenue *is like sitting at the* cafe de la paix—*you'll see everything that is anything—not to mention everybody who is anybody.*

Saks-Fifth Avenue

New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHAT about the young men who murdered a Pennsylvania witch, and are consigned to a life behind bars? Pity the young men!

We are used to crimes of passion—sex jealousy, revenge, lust; it startles us to learn that there are witches in Penn's woods. To get a lock of hair and free their souls, the young men killed a farmer. Call them unlucky—and then remember the other witchcraft that we know more about: the thirteenth floor, the third match, the broken mirror, and the conjure-tricks of the Strattons and the Comstocks and the Willebrandts who would unhex the nation by their simple charms and their rabbit's foot of reform. Read the incantations of the political platform and the strange and beautiful magic of the liturgical hymn. Pity the young men!

SOMEHOW, the news that W. C. Durant will soon be making artificial silk instead of automobiles, fails to disquiet us. It rather tends to confirm our suspicion that all businesses are the same, and that financiers can pass lightly from one to another, find-

ing familiar material at the bottom of every incoming basket. Mr. Durant's withdrawal from the automotive field is hardly disturbing, because, although he has been a prominent figure in the industry, it has always been something of a trick to find one of his cars on the road. We suspect he never had a true feeling for automobiles—not in the way Henry Ford has. That is why Ford, not Durant, has captured the public's fancy and stirred the country's dust. Not even the *Dearborn Independent*, nor the peace ship, nor the early American furniture, ever really distracted Ford's mind from the building of cars; and while the name Durant has always meant Wall Street and speculation, the name Ford has always meant Detroit and production. No one can say just what the future holds, but we confidently await the appearance of the slogan, on billboards and in newspapers: "Just a real good bolt of artificial silk!"

NOT all of Mr. John S. Sumner's time is occupied in raiding publishing houses and suppressing books.

Some of it is spent in writing for magazines. Shortly after Mr. Sumner, with the aid of two detectives, had confiscated about eight hundred copies of "The Well of Loneliness," we happened to read an article in *The American Sketch* called "Myself As I Think Others See Me," by John S. Sumner. In part, it said: "I find my pleasure in mixing with the preponderating ordinary and normal people, neither highbrow nor low-brow. . . . I love the sunshine, the moonlight, trees, green fields, and the restless ocean. Give me a pipe and a book . . ." We could read no further. Give him a book and he takes eight hundred.

ONLY a few days ago, we complained in these plaintive columns about the way a policeman had broken into our office and sold us a benefit ticket; and now we see by the papers that that ugly practice has

been stopped. It looks like another victory for our pen, and the success, as usual, has gone to our head. Take the story of the reforms which have originated in our editorial fastnesses, and you have the story of New York's greatness.

SINCE its widening, Park Avenue has become the fastest avenue in town, and usually is the best north-and-south bet for the urgent motorist. It is common to do from twelve to sixteen blocks on a green light, and some of the madder taxi-drivers make eighteen. Also, a minor miracle of traffic sometimes takes place on this thoroughfare: occasionally one travelling south gets to the Grand Central Building just as the light goes red, thus escaping it altogether. In this manner we recently were whisked all the way from Sixty-third Street to Thirtieth Street without a halt—a dreamlike experience that left us a little dizzy from such long-sustained motion.

Citizen Smith

GOVERNOR SMITH begins the day now by singing "Father O'Flynn" in his bath, a song which the family hasn't heard since the presidential campaign started. He is light-hearted in spite of the fact that many people are bothering him with

propositions, not believing that he really intends to be idle, and on vacation, for some months. Carriers still stagger under his morning's mail, which is heavy with suggestions on what to do. A group of Philadelphia promoters have been trying to interest him, along with the Messrs. Kenny and Raskob, in a great new bank which is being organized, but the Governor will not listen to them.

He rises late, even though he usually retires early, and spends the first part of the day in his Madison Avenue offices—which, we are now told, really belong to his friend, William English, who lends them to the Governor. Every afternoon, almost without fail, he rides in his car down to Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, where he meets his friends Kenny and James Riordan in the former's famous Tiger Room. Mr. Smith sometimes fiddles away a little time on a horse-racing toy there. Afterwards, the three usually walk uptown to the Smith apartment at the Biltmore, and so far the vacationer has not been disturbed by attention on the streets.

Mr. Smith spends his evenings quietly, having no taste for night life —so far as anybody knows he has never been to a night club, and he likes to go to dinner only at houses where not too much fuss is made over him. Recently he has been entertained at Charles Dana Gibson's, John F. Gilchrist's, and the Riordan home. He rarely plays cards, but he likes to stand by and watch. He is known as something of a wit on these occasions. One night a week he goes to the home of Alfred, Jr., where he enjoys his daughter-in-law's sauerbraten and German potato pancakes, a favorite dish. He complains of missing his daily afternoon visits with Mary Adams Warner, his granddaughter, who is with her parents in Albany, and he also misses the animals he had in the zoo at Albany. His greatest loss just now is Bunk, a Boston terrier pup, a favorite around the executive mansion. Bunk was sent to one of the state parks on Long Island and somebody stole him.

Up to the end of last week the Governor had gone to four shows, in this order: "Whoopee," "Scandals," "Three Cheers," and "Street Scene," the last because of his friendship with the producer, William Brady. He doesn't accept free tickets, and generally the management doesn't know he is coming until he arrives.

Disposal

WELL informed about the facts of life, but entirely ignorant of the rudiments of housework, a young lady went to spend a week in the country with her newly acquired and beloved husband. They occupied a Connecticut farm which a friend agreed to lend them for so hallowed an interlude. The plan worried no one except the mother of the bride, who suspected her daughter of gross ignorance in the matter of cooking and dusting. At the end of the week, the pair returned to town, apparently still on speaking terms with each other.

"Well, how did it go?" the mother

"That's me."

asked her daughter when they were alone.

"Swell," said the young lady. "I got along all right with everything except the garbage. There was no garbage man, and I didn't know what to do with it."

"Well," said her mother, eyeing her sharply, "what *did* you do with it?"

"Tied it up and brought it back to town," replied the proud child.

Books at a Million

WE attended the Jerome Kern auction the night when the total sales were approaching a million dollars. About two hundred people were present, among them most of the leading dealers of the country: Gabriel Wells, Harry Marks, Dr. Rosenbach, and so on.

Outsiders do not readily understand the system of bidding at book auctions. Nobody jumps up and waves his arms, nobody shouts, "I'll bid ten thousand dollars!," nobody, in fact, seems to be doing anything at all. The auctioneer nevertheless constantly intones in a smooth, somnolent voice, "Ten thousand I have, may I say eleven thousand, may I say it, eleven thousand I have, is there any advance, twelve thousand I have." (At book auctions "may" is used, not "can.")

Near the auctioneer, in a squared-off recess in the wall, like a Punch-and-Judy theatre, an attendant displays the volume being sold, a spotlight focussed upon it. People rustle their catalogues. Clerks, scattered among the crowd, stare mesmerically about and suddenly announce, "Thirteen thousand." "Thirteen thousand," the auctioneer echoes from his pulpit. Then abruptly it is all over. The attendant removes one book and exposes another. Bidding begins again.

Bidding is done not by word of mouth but by signs, and these are interpreted according to the previous bid. Thus if the last raise has been one thousand dollars, you have only to lift your hand vertically and the price is snapped up another thousand. A horizontal gesture would have meant just half as much; a quarter-circle, one-fourth the previous bid.

There are other little conventions and complications. For example, just as a bidder thinks he has the field to himself a clerk, consulting a memorandum book, is likely to raise, and raise again. He is the Order Clerk, bidding for the account of an absent client, somebody unavoidably detained in Indianapolis or Louisville. Again, there are cabalistic signs and passwords. The auctioneer is likely to conclude with "Sold to D'Artagnan" or some such romantic reference, which is an alias to mislead the uninitiated. "Dr. R." for instance is well known as the pseudonym of Rosenbach.

With such nods and wavings of the hand, the Kern sale went on. A copy of Goldsmith's "Vida's Sacchis, or Chess," starting at ten thousand dollars as we prepared to go, had reached twenty-five thousand before we found our gloves. Only the experts know why some items sell for larger amounts than others. Rosenbach's interest in a book or manuscript, however, usually sends it pretty high before it is sold. Thus he had to go to seventeen thousand five hundred for a thin, faded green volume written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning when she was eleven years old, a price three times as much as was paid for a first edition of Boswell's "Johnson," with autographed letters of both Johnson and Boswell thrown in.

Several reasons have been advanced as to why Mr. Kern is selling his collection. The fact is, he felt it had grown to such proportions that he no longer wanted the responsibility for it. When he was away from his home he worried about it. Now, with it sold and the proceeds invested in steel bonds or some such, he can go fishing and keep his mind on the fish.

John Again

OUR item on Mr. Wanamaker last week awakened memories in at least one reader, who hastened to tell us another story about this puissant merchant. Mr. Wanamaker once ran for the Senate. His campaign speeches were distinguished for several things: for their practical logic, their thoroughness—and their length. On one occasion the members of his immediate family were grouped loyally about the stage. At that time Mrs. Wanamaker's hearing was affected, so that she could not catch much of what her husband was saying. She did, however, catch a restlessness which grew, as time went on, among the audience, the people on the stage, and even in the family circle. After a long while, the good lady turned to one of her grandchildren and said, in a voice of mild despair which was heard for at least ten rows back, and by the candidate for the Senate himself: "Can't *anybody* stop your grandfather?"

Civics

POLICEMEN — those brave fellows who protect your home, guide your automobile, help your aged mother across the street, apprehend your thieves, and close your speakeasies —get paid, at the start of their careers, $1,769 a year for their pains. By a process known only to ourself, we have figured out that that's about thirty-four dollars a week. After serving two years, a patrolman gets a slight raise; after serving five years, he is making $2,500, which is top for a private. We happened on these figures while chatting with a cop in front of the Fifth Avenue Bank; and they are presented for what they are worth. In addition to their salaries from the city, the bluecoats receive a large number of Christmas, Easter, and Labor Day presents from admirers—Christmas, in the more crowded districts, coming as often as once a week.

Our confidant was a member of the Mounted, and we asked him about that branch. He said the horsemen get the same scale as any other cop, but that most everybody would like to be in the Mounted "because it's exclusive." Besides being an exclusive person, you make more friends than an unmounted cop; your horse makes them for you, by stealing candy out of baby carriages, nuzzling little boys, and putting a hoof upon doorsteps in a cute manner. The horse receives no pay, but is retired after about ten years to a calmer life somewhere in the country.

Idol

WE have been going on the assumption that Charles Lindbergh is boyhood's greatest figure—the symbol of valor, the pattern of dreams—but this, it turns out, is not universally the case. We have just run across a little boy, the nephew of a friend, who ignores Lindbergh but has the greatest admiration for Adolph Zukor. He sits with great

"These raids has me puzzled, Joe. I'm all ready to open up the old joint again tomorrow, but I can't think of another name for it."

• •

wide eyes and thinks about Adolph Zukor and what Adolph Zukor is doing and what Adolph Zukor would do in this case or in that case. All because his mother told him that Mr. Zukor was the man who built the Paramount Building—a structure the lad finds wondrous above all others. His mother, although a little worried at the strange fixation, finds that Mr. Zukor comes in handy around the house: when her son acts up and refuses to put on his heavy underwear, her quick remark is, "Adolph Zukor always wears *his* heavy underwear."

Old Bottles

THE Museum of the New York Historical Society this month is holding an exhibit of wine labels—not ones of paper, but of silver, engraved with the names of the wines, with little silver chains to loop them over the bottle's neck. Their name in English—as duly established by Act of Parliament in 1784—is "bottle ticket." Strangely, the French twisted the latter word into "etiquette," and this was subsequently adopted into English as a word to signify, not good wine, but good manners (an opportunity here for a monograph by an etymologist who has to drink bootleg gin).

The little labels themselves are the collection of an artist, Raphael A. Weed, and his wife. More than three hundred of them are on view, and they date from about 1770 to 1850, when they fell into disuse. The small crescent-shaped paper label, however, still glued at the shoulder of many bottles of fine liqueurs, remains to show where they used to hang.

Though Hock, Hollands, Rum, Madeira, Sherry are the commonest names, some were engraved for rarer vintages: Bucellas, Frontiniac, Tinta, Carcavella, Teneriffe—vanished wines whose bouquets one can but imagine nowadays. Not all of them are of silver. Some are of ivory, enamel, or even mother-of-pearl. One set, made, we imagine, for the personal use of some roaring country squire, is of boar's tusks. A Hindu silversmith made another set of silver mounted on tiger claws.

As we stood to gaze, a young child nearby turned suddenly to his nurse. "Nurse, what is Hock? What is Hock, Nurse?" he demanded. An old gentleman in a white muffler, who had been dreaming there, snorted and departed.

The Whalen Era

LAST week two policemen rang the doorbell at the home of Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist, and his wife, Alma Gluck. A French maid answered but got absolutely nowhere with the cops, who could not speak French and were also weak at making signs. There being no one else home, the maid called the thirteen-year-old daughter of the house, who appeared at the door trembling with fear. The policemen were persistent, however. "We understand," said one of them severely, "this is a speakeasy. We were sent to investigate from Commissioner Whalen's office." The little girl was bewildered but she asked them to wait, went inside, and telephoned to her mother, who was at the hospital where Mr. Zimbalist, at the time, was confined to bed. "Mother, is this a speakeasy?" the child asked. Miss Gluck was alarmed, but gathered herself so far as to calm the child and get the story of what was happening. She finally told her daughter to go and tell the policemen to go away unless they had a warrant. This she did and the law departed. The place: U. S. A. The time: Twentieth Century.

Clinic

SEATS in the Gold Room of the Savoy-Plaza were priced at two hundred dollars each this week, and the place was crowded for five days. The Fashion Merchandising Clinic was going on there and merchants from all over attended to get thoroughly up on styles and fashions. Incidentally, they were told how to tell the difference between a style and a fashion—the former being, when scientifically defined, merely a shape or a design, while the latter is an epidemic. Mr. Amos Parrish, long a fashion expert, got the idea for the clinic and organized it, and the present one is the second to be held. More than a hundred stores bought the two-hundred-dollar seats for their representatives this time. Montgomery Ward sent six of their people, whereas they had but one pupil at the first show, last August.

Parrish started out some years ago by supplying stores in other cities with a list of things to be seen on ladies and gentlemen on the Avenue—hats, colors, trinkets. Thus he was able authoritatively to tell the outlying towns

what was fashionable and what was not. They were told that stickpins, say, are no longer worn, and what shades would be popular in the coming season. Parrish built up a staff of twenty-five reporters, who were assigned to stand on prominent corners and count things—count the number of mauves as against the magentas in ladies' gowns; count, we suppose, the diamond greyhounds as compared to the pony's-hair Scotch terriers on ladies' hats. As this peculiar service grew, a store receiving the service could have finger-rings counted or even gentlemen's beards, to see what was likely to develop in these.

The keen-eyed reporters became, we are assured, astonishingly proficient at spotting potential fashions. For example, one of them, some five or six years ago, noted an artificial gardenia pinned to a coat worn by Leonora Hughes when she arrived here from Europe one day, and predicted at once that it would become a popular fashion, which it did. Similarly a scout, reconnoitering in a fashionable neighborhood, saw the former Abby Rockefeller, then a miss of about seventeen, wearing a bright bandanna about her neck. This was reported as worth watching and counting, and soon every stenographer, so the romantic story goes, was wearing a bandanna. This in time was replaced by the still popular scarf worn the same way.

The clinic tries to draw lessons from history. It has pondered, for instance, the case of the manufacturers of the eighties and nineties who wasted a fortune in an unsuccessful effort to revive a waning interest in Congress gaiters, and how, in the same way, later on, great efforts were made in vain to turn women's fancies from the hobble skirt to the pannier. It seems that now the best thing to do is count what the right people are wearing, or have quit wearing, and abide by the whims of the ladies. No one now, not even Mr. Parrish, can tell why fashions wax and wane as they do, but the fashion people are working on it scientifically now, like a chemist after something he wants to learn, and they expect soon to work out a formula.

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THE LIQUOR MARKET: Prices steady, affected little by Whalen activities. Whiskeys: Canadian import, $110 @ $140. Available: Chivas Regal, Buchanan, Johnnie Walker Black Label, Trower Checquers. Domestic whiskeys, $75 @ $85, still bottled principally under Black and White, Dawson's Special, and Lawson's labels. Imported gins down slightly, $80 @ $105; domestic manufacture selling up to $40. Liqueurs (highly uncertain) around $110. Champagnes, fair quality, $110 @ $120. —THE NEW YORKERS

"... I can't give you anything but love, Baby."

"Unimportant."

"HAIL FELLOW, THAR SHE BLOWS!"

CORRESPONDENCE FROM OUR REPORTER COVERING THE STATEN ISLAND EXPEDITION, WITH SPECIAL ATTENTION TO GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND ALL THE JOLLY THINGS ONE SEES

By wireless to the NEW YORKER TIMES COMPANY and by wireless right back to the correspondent collect. Copyright by the NEW YORKER TIMES COMPANY, as if anybody cared.

ON BOARD THE NAPHTHA LAUNCH CITY OF OVER TEN THOUSAND, in sight of Staten Island, Jan. 10. (Via Ferryboat Irma. Same date)—Here we are at last, in sight of Staten Island, and you may be sure that every man jack of us set up the rousingest of cheers when we saw land rising through the mist. It was rather fun—the mist, although afterward we all agreed that it might have proved something not quite so much fun. But it is all over now and we can look back on it and laugh, and you may be sure that the Captain laughed loudest of all, for he is a bully good chap and will see to it that Exeter wins the tennis cup if anyone can. And everyone on board is sure that the Captain ("Cap," we call him) is just the fellow to turn the trick.

I wish I could tell you something of the spirit that prevails on board. No sacrifice is too great for the boys to make, and they do it with a grin a mile long on their faces, too. Well, perhaps not quite a mile, but an awfully long grin, anyway. Just to show you what I mean, old Lummy ("Arthur") Welsbach the cook is, at this moment, sticking toothpicks into potatoes to make little men out of them, little men which he will stand on the table as a joke to the crew when they come down to "grub," and the laugh that will greet this prank is as good as given, written up, and wirelessed already. Such a laugh as it will be! But "Lummy" won't mind. He will take it in good part and just grin, for he knows that we are all good fellows and out here to "carry on." This is what I mean by the spirit of sacrifice for others that seems to prevail in every nook and cranny of the ship. It is bully, just bully!

Yesterday we saw some gulls, but we just laughed it off. "All in the day's work," the Captain said, and he was given a rousing cheer with nine skyrockets on the end for his plucky statement. The men would do anything for the Captain, and the Captain would do anything for the men, and the men would do anything for the men, and the Captain would do anything for the Captain. *There*, that about cleans that up! And what a relief, you may be sure!

On board a naphtha launch like this, one sees many odd sights. As one goes "forward" (toward the front of the boat) one comes upon "Spike" Rissy, Lars Levine, or perhaps Nibbins, the compass-breaker, sitting over the hatchway looking at the water. The glare of the sun on the water is sometimes terrific, but they don't mind. They just give it a cheer and look some more. No expedition can fail with such men on board. Even if we hadn't found Staten Island we would still have found each other, which would have been worth all the trouble and hardship in the world. And when you find such a bully sporting captain as we have found, and when a captain finds such a bully sporting crew as he has found—well, it just seems as if we should have to give another cheer.

ON BOARD NAPHTHA LAUNCH CITY OF OVER TEN THOUSAND (delayed in sending. Nobody's fault, though. Please understand that — nobody's fault. Everybody did his very best to get it off and everybody deserves the credit), Jan. 8—Today we ran into some old things floating on the water. "Deeley" Timmers, the second mate, was all for not looking at them. But the men laughed him down and everyone cried: "Let's look at them, by all means, whatever they are!" So, with a cheer for Captain Peachy and a huzza for everybody else (including the lowest cook and cabin boy, you may be sure, because they are all contributing to the success of this expedition and anyone who says that they aren't is a rotten egg) every man jack of the crew looked at the old things that we found floating. It was rather a plucky thing to do, and you folks who are sitting at home on Christmas Day might not have liked it very well, but the crew of The City of Over Ten Thousand set their jaws and determined that, come what might, they would be worthy of Captain Peachy. So everyone looked, and such a cheer as went up! "A huzza for Captain Peachy," cried Lars Levine, the bath-steward. And a huzza for Captain Peachy it was, and with a will, too! "A sailor's life is the life for me!" cried old Tom Tam, the true-blue dogwatch, and although we didn't necessarily agree with old Tom's wording of it, we did feel that he had about hit the nail on the head. And so we went to bed that night, tired but happy that we had been able to bring back an armful of fringed gentians to Miss Murdock.

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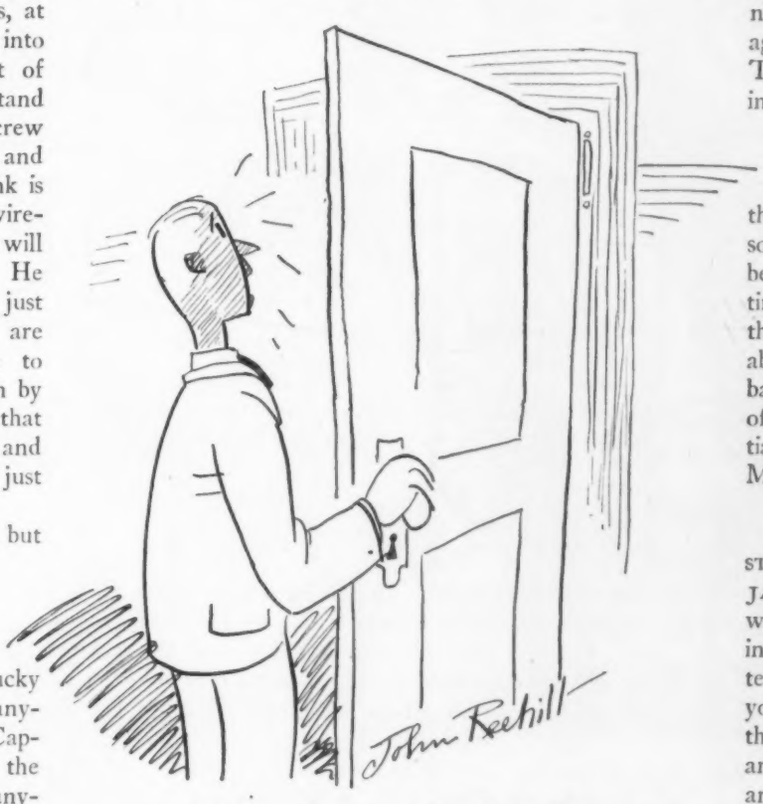


"Oh, pardon me, Miss Cavendish. I thought you were in *the tub!"*

IN CAMP ON STATEN ISLAND, JAN. 11—Here we are at last in camp on Staten Island and you may be sure that the beans and cold turkey and coffee and benedictine tasted

good to us after that long hike up from the ferry. But were there any complaints? I should say not. When a crew has a captain like Captain Peachy, and a captain has a crew like Crew Peachy, and I love you and you love me, how *could* there be any complaints? And the first guy that complains gets a sock on the jaw and gets the gold star taken away from his class. His whole class, mind you; so you see that if one boy, just *one* boy, is naughty, the *whole class* will have to suffer with him. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Today we saw Governor's Island and gave it a rousing cheer. When one is in the vicinity of Governor's Island, one naturally feels a little awed by all those soldiers, but Captain Peachy laughed and so we all laughed with him. Soldiers indeed! Bang! Bang! You're dead, soldiers!

Such fun as we have had shelling peas! Everyone pitched in, even the Captain, and by half past seven all the peas were shelled and everyone was cheering. "A cheer for the peas!" cried one. "A cheer for the peas and the hot water to cook them in!" cried another. And so it went. Cheer after cheer ringing out over the cold, clear air of Staten Island until the people who live near the ferry put up their windows and cried: "For God's sake, shut up!" And you may be sure that we shut up with a will, like the good sports that everyone is—or are.

And now the last stage of our expedition is before us. We have to get back to New York—without touching wood. But so long as we have Captain Peachy and so long as Captain Peachy has us, and this marvellous spirit prevails of "one for all and all for one and all around my goal are *it*"—then who can doubt but that we shall succeed? And, since the NEW YORKER TIMES is paying for the radio, let's end with the school song! *Everybody up!*

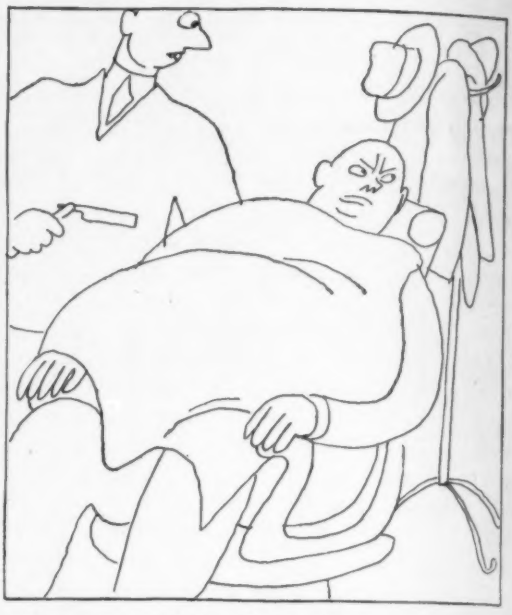
Fight, fight, down the field!
And give a cheer for Captain Peachy!
We're all good fellows, each one the other's friend!
And the good ship City of Over Ten Thousand will win today!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! (Copyright by the NEW YORKER TIMES.)

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

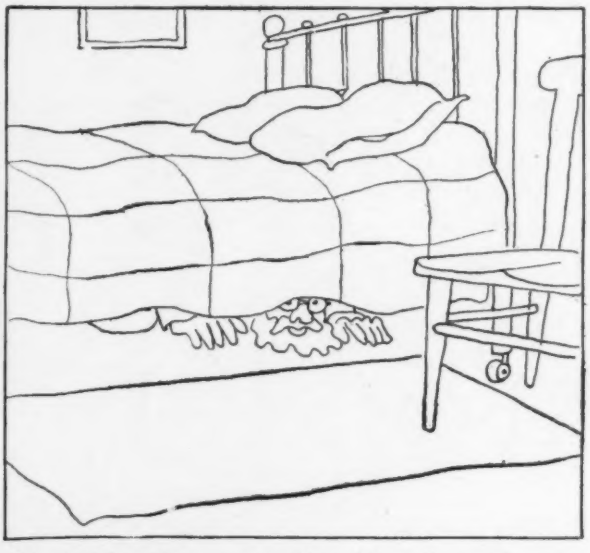
HUMAN STEADFASTNESS IS NEWS

Noble Deeds of Single-Mindedness Are Jewels in Our Daily Newspapers

Wore overcoat, rubbers, and carried umbrella every day of his life. Jacob Mooke (above) never leaves home without rain protectors. "A stitch in time saves nine, that's my motto," says Mr. Mooke.



Has never laughed. Edward Sears, aged forty-seven (above right), native of New York, has never cracked a smile. When questioned, he merely said, "Ugh!" Mr. Sears confutes the jolly fat man myth.



Lived eighty-nine years in New York City and never saw Broadway. George Rufle, 487 Rivington Street, City, is the man. "I won't go out," says Mr. Rufle, "the horse-cars scare me."

Forty years on the job, never sick, never vacationed. Maurice Rawson, aged sixty-one, bookkeeper, says, "Labor is the wine of life."

• •

IN RE GOLDILOCKS, ET AL

THE JUDGE HANDS DOWN A DECISION IN THE CLEAN-BOOKS CASE

CONSIDERING these books, the Court is conscious of its obligation to protect the home and safeguard the morals of the children—our future citizens. Evidence submitted in the exhibits introduced by learned counsel is shocking to a degree, and the probable effect of these so-called books upon minds still in the formative state constitutes a menace to the very foundations of society.

One of these so-called books—Exhibit A—deals with the dubious exploits of one Goldilocks in the private house of a family known as the Three Bears, the family consisting of the parents and one son, a Bear of immature years. Here is a story of a predatory blonde who made unwarranted and illegal entry to the dwelling during the family's absence and who committed sundry depredations. Characteristically, the blonde selected the callow son of the household as her victim. She broke his chair, she ate his food and, finally, in the most brazen manner, slept in his bed. The fact that the young Bear was not present, nor were his parents, when these acts, including the last indelicate episode, occurred, does not, in the judgment of the Court, mitigate the girl's conduct nor condone her offence. In the whole disgraceful performance Goldilocks did not once exhibit contrition for her acts, or offer recompense to the outraged family. Goldilocks took all that she wanted and gave nothing. From this book the Court can adduce nothing but shameless glorification of the type known as the gold-digger.

OTHER instances of improper background, ill-advised precept,

"I haven't said anything, Doctor, but I've been sick off and on for two years."

and unsavory example for the young abound in the evidence. The Court deems it necessary, however, to review just one—Exhibit B. This is the story which may be epitomized in the following literal quotation from the text:

> Snow White, living in the glen
> With the Seven Little Men
> Is fairer far, than you.

The Court desires to state that it knows nothing about the White woman and would not entertain any facts about her in any event, since she is not a party to this action. Doubtless she is an admirable individual. Nor are the seven men of small stature cited in the transcript known to the Court. The Court has no idea where the glen is situated, beyond a surmise that it is somewhere near Hollywood. [Laughter.]

Hum-m-m, to proceed: The question resolves itself to this—no matter how impeccable the characters of the seven men and their . . . er . . . ward, and disregarding for the moment the irrelevant question of her beauty, are we justified in permitting the publication of matter involving circumstances that are susceptible of the slightest misinterpretation? The Court holds that the unconventionality of the situation should be either explained (if a plausible explanation is to be had) or the woman's environment should be deleted altogether from the book . . . Case against the books sustained.

—George Cecil Cowing

• •

STRANGE INTERLUDE BLUES

(A ballad written by one of the actors in O'Neill's nine-act play, during an intermission, and indicating that life is gradually getting them down. It is to be sung loudly to the tune of "Casey Jones.")

I

Nina Leeds she was a complex gal,
Inhibited Charlie was her friend and her pal.
She says to her Poppa I am startin' to roam,
On the nine-fifteen I'm departin' from home!

Chorus

Nina Leeds
Left old Charlie waitin',
Nina Leeds
Left because she must;
Nina Leeds
Hadn't done no matin',
For her Gordon burned to ashes and his dust to dust.

II

Charlie Marsden was as pure as the snow,
Worshipped his Momma but she had to go.
Purely platonic was his constant state,
Nothing to do but to sublimate.

Chorus

Dear old Charles
Sittin' with his knittin',
Dear old Charles
Tattin' at his lace,
Dear old Charles
Timid as a kitten.
In the game of love he never reached first base.

III

Dr. Darrell was a cold-blooded doc,
Blood like molasses and a heart like a rock.
He says to the soldiers who were home from their deeds,
When you feel a little rocky take some Nina Leeds.

Chorus

Nina Leeds
To be taken after dinner,
Nina Leeds
And you needn't tell;
Nina Leeds
Good for saint or sinner,
Guaranteed to satisfy and make you well.

IV

Sammy Evans came of good country stock,
Simple and pungent as an old wool sock.
Muscle and brawn had this husky young lad
But the fact remained that he wasn't a dad.

Chorus

Poor old Sam
Hoping for a little one,
Poor old guy
Knew he was a flop;
Good old Sam
Thought he was a subtle one,
Had to have a middleman to be a pop.

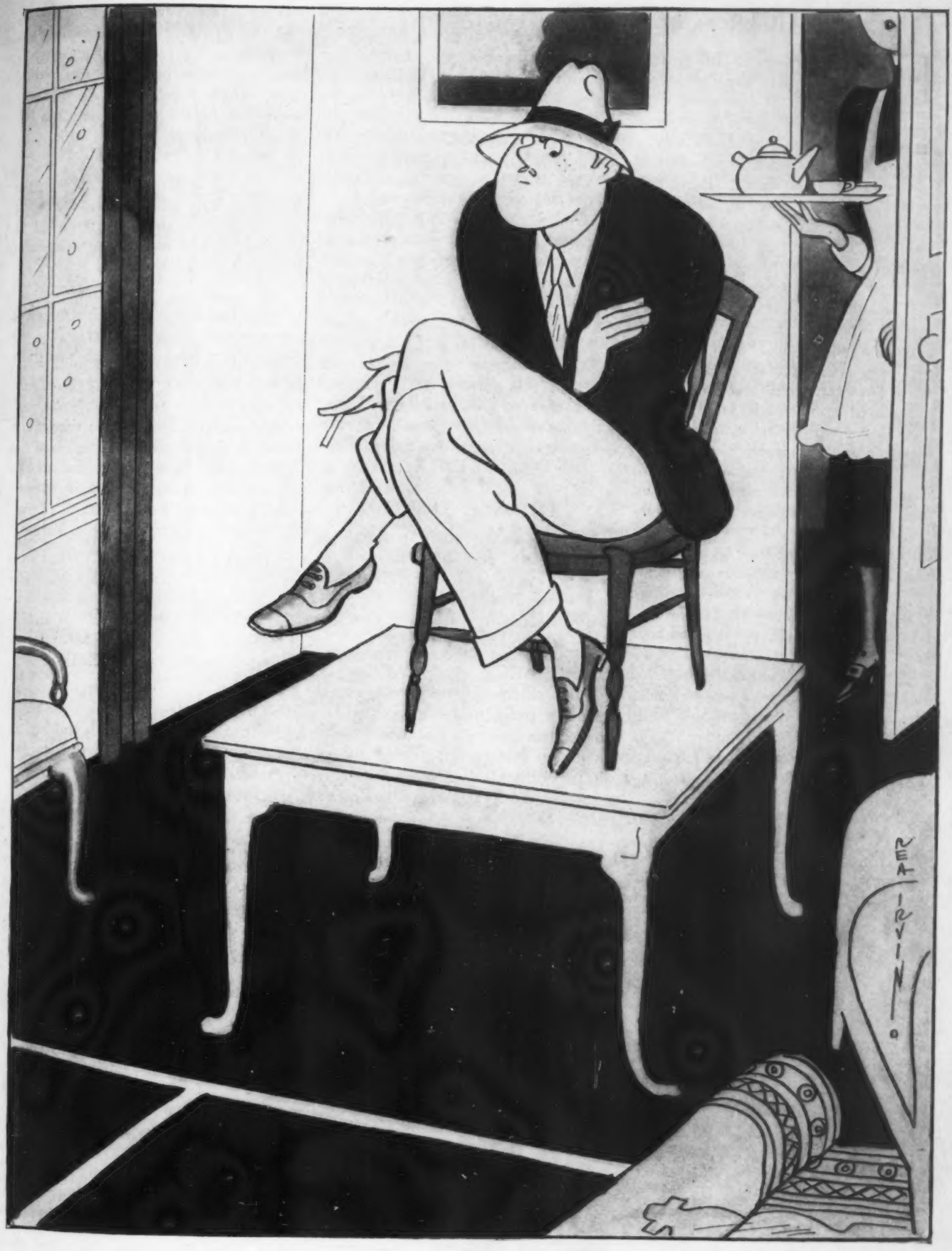
V

Gene O'Neill sat and pondered awhile,
Looked at the world, and never cracked a smile,
Conjured up a play that he hoped would look
Like the Bible, Webster's, and the Telephone Book.

Chorus

Nine long acts
Got to run the gamut,
Nine long acts
How the actors jaw;
Nine long acts
Next you know he'll dramat-
ize the whole Encyclopædia Britan-ni-caw.

—Tom Powers



THE TENNIS LINESMAN KEEPS IN TRIM DURING THE BITTER MONTHS

THE ARTICULATE

FOR all its drawbacks, life among the literary has one profound compensation. It does away with all the troublesome speculation about the neighbors' domestic affairs which, in less articulate circles, is necessary if one is to be *au courant*. Poets and writers may preserve an admirable reticence in conversation, but there seems to be something about a virgin sheet of paper which inspires them to the most intimate revelations.

The other evening my wife and I met the Sibleys at a dance. For several years the Sibleys had served Amityport as symbols of marital bliss. This time, however, there seemed to be a difference; no open rift, but an intangible distance of the spirit. Mrs. Sibley was pale and preoccupied; Horace for once exceeded his rigid allotment of four highballs and became first ribald and then unconscious on the clubhouse porch.

These things appear to possess a tremendous fascination for my wife.

"I wonder," she said, when we reached home that night, "if the Sibleys are *really* as happy as everybody thinks?"

The thing was simplicity itself. I reached over to the table and picked up a copy of *The Scimitar* to which Sibley was in the habit of contributing. "The Broken," I read, "by Horace J. Sibley."

The work of my hands is muddled and hopeless,
The gift that was mine I have mocked and betrayed,
Empty my heart as a home left by children,
I'm tired and lonely, discouraged, afraid. . . .

"The Sibleys," I said, "are not happy."

They were separated in a fortnight.

SHORTLY after that, Amityport was stirred by a rumor that Aubin Milot was being very attentive indeed to the little Smith girl with the nice legs. We found the answer in R. F. D.'s column in *The Blade:*

REBIRTH

Dear, the days before I found you,
All of life flung by me then,
A painted pageant, bright as laughter,
Should I laugh, or cry, again—

and so on. The announcement of their engagement a month later was no surprise to us.

It was the same way about the unfortunate story that old Mrs. Williams, after a lifetime in the church, had suddenly become pagan and unregenerate. *Martin's Monthly* gave us the distressing lowdown:

CONUNDRUM

So futile to gamble in futures,
When down from th' Olympian range,
Comes only one ultimate dictum,
That nothing is changeless but change—

We read no further.

After all these, we didn't hesitate a moment when we came on a verse of Martin Quinn's, in *Delano's*, which began: "A new, sweet voice is in our ears."

"My," said my wife, handing me the magazine, "I see the Quinns are going to have another baby. Heaven only knows how they can afford it."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

• •

OF ALL THINGS

A BILL has been introduced at Albany admitting to the bar without examination any person who has served four terms as governor. Unfortunately the measure does not specify the color of his derby.

•

The success of the noble experiment of paper milk bottles is said to mean that deliveries will eventually be made by motorcycle. Deep students of the subject believe that with practice the motorcycle can be made even noisier than the milk wagon.

•

Commissioner Whalen has now taken up traffic relief in a nice way, and the gendarmerie are passing out questionnaires on the origin, destination, and route of automobile traffic. This sounds suspiciously like the tiresome old question, "Where do ya think you're goin'?"

•

At this writing the fate of the Kellogg treaty is in doubt. The best senatorial minds feel that it should be adopted enthusiastically and then mercifully explained to death.

•

Mr. Borah has issued several acres of words on the peace pact. It is the Senator's mission to make the short session seem long.

•

Henry Ford foresees the time when we shall do no hard work and not use tobacco or discuss prohibition. But leisure without those two indoor sports would be pretty hard work.

•

The witchcraft trials at York, Pennsylvania, reveal an incredible condition of ignorance, superstition, and gullibility. We are happy to live in an enlightened community where people invest their money in Steinhardt.

•

The Sugar Institute tells us in costly advertising that reducing is bad for the system. The purpose of that earnest organization is to make two chins grow where one grew before.

•

Mr. Hoover's quarters at the Mayflower are all clogged up with suggesters and counter-suggesters about cabinet jobs and other opportunities for service and salary. He may yet decide, like Mussolini, to be all the officers himself.

•

The Question Mark stayed up in the air one hundred and fifty-two hours, thereby beating the record formerly held by Senator Heflin.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

CAMDEN, N. J. (I.N.S.)—Stanley E. Black, Palmyra postman, is in possession of a divorce today from Mrs. Almira Black, after Private Detective Frank Miller testified that he had watched William Hale, an embroidery shipper, feed Mrs. Black gum drops and then kiss her for fifteen minutes and 34 seconds according to his watch.—*New Haven (Conn.) Times Union.*

And all these years we've not known about gum drops!

"I tell you I don't want any insurance."

A. SOGLOW

Noel Coward

PROFILES

HEUREUX NOEL

SPEAKING of Noel Coward, as I firmly intend to, let me begin by saying, somewhat irrelevantly, that on a balmy April evening in 1923, Laurence Stallings dined at the Hotel Brevoort in triumphant mood. He was all a-glow with the knowledge that he had just finished his first play, a rowdy, hard-boiled comedy about two leathernecks embroiled over a blowsy French trull on the edge and eve of Belleau Wood. The play was tentatively entitled "What Price Glory," and he had written it in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson, then, like himself, a wage slave on the staff of the New York *World*.

After the coffee, he was still expansively speculating on how he might get the impassioned manuscript read by a Barrymore or so, when who should come trotting mystically around the corner of the newsstand in the lobby but the abstracted Arthur Hopkins? Into the ensuing colloquy the subject of the new play was hauled by the scruff of the neck, and the agreement was made that it should be sent around to the Plymouth Theatre next morning. Four days later the *Evening Sun* violated its time-honored tradition by intruding a news note into the happy hunting preserve which its dramatic page usually provided in those days for the press agents of the town. This news note was to the effect that Arthur Hopkins had just bought a war play by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, and that he would produce it in the following August.

This announcement was received by the community with its accustomed calm, but it created a painful commotion in the mind of a young publicity man who, in his bed at the Hotel Hermitage, read it incredulously and blasted both playwrights with his wrath when he learned that it was actually true. For Anderson, too, had not been idle, and, on the side, he had shown the script of "What Price Glory" to this young man, who thereafter spent three happy days and nights in the lively anticipation of producing it himself, hugging the play to his bosom and walking the midnight streets in the throes of selecting just the right players for the cast. The young man's name, it might be helpful to explain at this point, was Jed Harris.

HARRIS was then a lean, black-avised nobody, who had variously spent his searing twenty-three years as a Yale man, a reporter, an editor, a bum, and a press agent. He was still a press agent, but in the back of his mind was a recently born intention to become, in his spare moments, the leading producer in the American theatre. And so strong was his confidence in his own ability that he doubtless thought of himself as practically that already. Indeed, it probably required a deliberate exercise of his intelligence to keep in mind the fact that the same confidence might not be shared by mere uninformed passersby. Now, after nearly six years, he has such productions as "Broadway," "Coquette," "The Royal Family," and "The Front Page" to his credit. The cachet of success is imprinted on him for all the world to see. All the four winds of the world are a-flutter with manuscripts headed hopefully for his desk. But at that time his only experience in the theatre had been limited to two seasons of scattered publicity work and a partnership in the brief and unhappy production of A. A. Milne's "The Romantic Age" at the Comedy Theatre the preceding fall. Yet when the cautious authors of "What Price Glory" gave their play instead into the hands of another whom they probably regarded as *already* the foremost producer of the American theatre, Harris was not only angry at what he regarded as a betrayal, but so bitterly disappointed that on the first night of "What Price Glory" he left town

"What was it the man said I was in this costume?"
"Why, you're a spy, darling, a spy."
"Oh yes, a spy."

rather than endure the thought of its production down the street by somebody else. He was also, I think, surprised. He was only twenty-three; he was almost totally inexperienced; he had never even directed so much as a vaudeville act; he had no office; he had no staff; he had no money in the bank. Yet if neighbors could have examined the contents of his mind that day as he sat in bed and furiously read the dramatic page of the *Evening Sun* they would have found, I suspect, that its chief ingredient was astonishment. In that astonishment you will discover the reason he became, within the next five years, the most conspicuously successful producer in the American theatre.

WHICH brings us around (by the side door) to the subject of Noel Coward. For it will perhaps be clarifying to write of Noel Coward in terms of Jed Harris, whom Coward, being the elder, liked to pat on the head and refer to as "Destiny's Tot." For when, in the early part of 1900, Harris first saw the light of day in Vienna (and, I daresay, found a good deal to criticize both in Vienna and its lighting effects), the infant Coward had already been mewling and puking for several weeks in Teddington on the Thames. Now each, while still in his twenties, has a really formidable record of achievement in the theatre. At twenty-nine, Noel Coward has made a name for himself as an actor, both here and abroad, has written scores of clever lyrics and heard his plaintive melodies whimpered back at him by all the phonographs of the world. He has not only written more than a dozen plays and seen most of them published, but has seen most of them produced on the stage in both New York and London, and, when absolutely necessary, has acted in them himself. Now, as if to demonstrate his infinite variety, he, who last writhed and trembled and shattered crockery here in the intensely legitimate anguish of "The Vortex," is singing, tap-dancing, and clowning delightfully in "This Year of Grace," of which he also planned every scene and wrote all the words and music. And he is only twenty-nine. Such fairly vital statistics are most depressing to those of us who, at forty-two, are still planning vaguely to amount to something one of these days. And they can be chiefly accounted for, I think, by that same inner conviction of ability which made the youthful, unknown Harris think the authors of "What Price Glory" foolish to trust their play to a mere Arthur Hopkins when they had a chance to leave it to his hands. Such a conviction is as a cradle-side gift of seven-league boots for the race

with the rest of us—the faltering, dubious rest of us who, if we are to do anything at all, have to be pushed by bitter circumstance through the close-set, deep-rooted thicket of our own misgivings.

An embittered onlooker might point out that in that race Noel Coward rather had the advantage of an early start. He was learning the ways of the theatre when he was only ten years old, and had his first play produced when he was still shuddering at the panicky thought that he would soon be a doddering fellow of twenty. But, mind you, he gave himself that early start, impelled by that same yeasty conviction which does get the work of the world done.

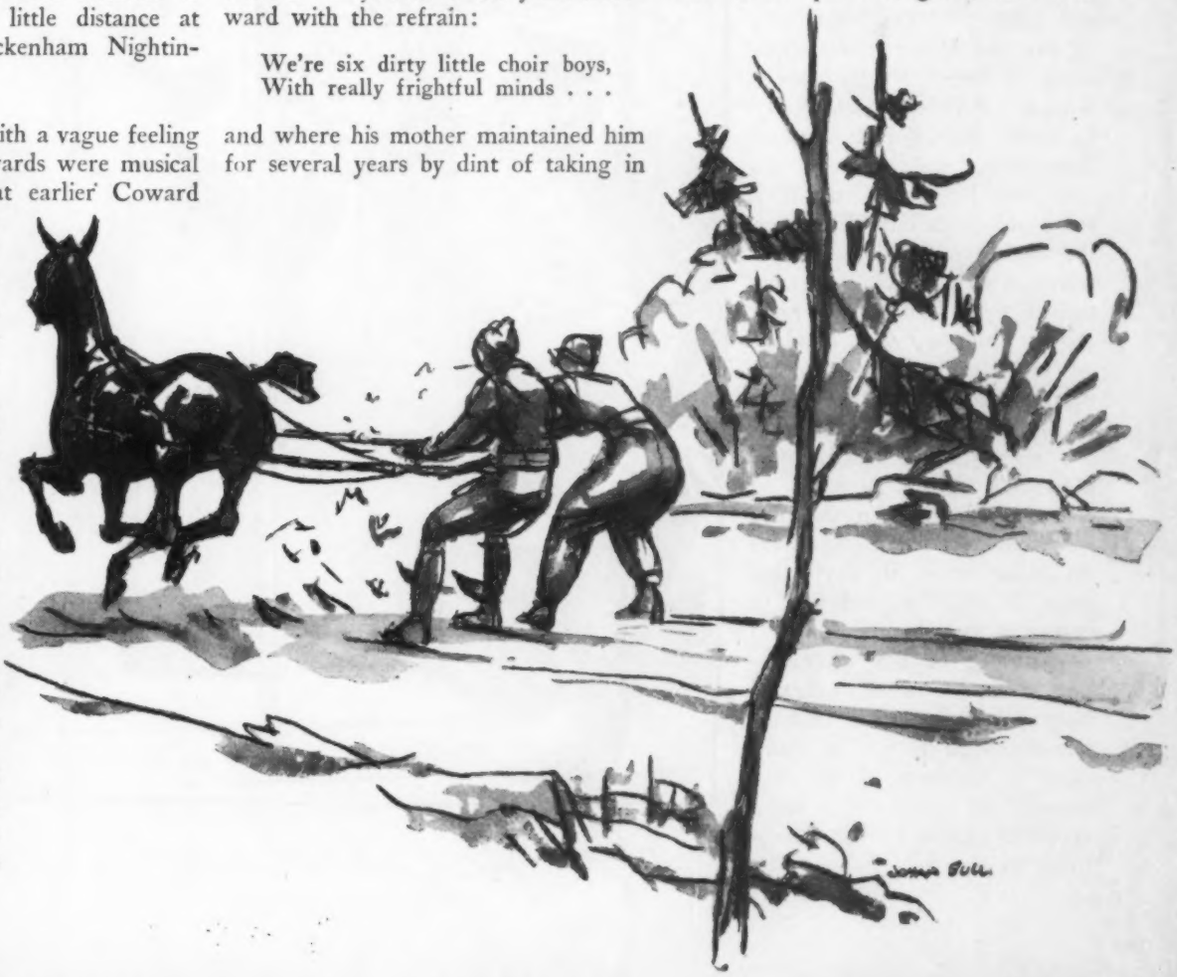
For he was not born in the theatre, and he had no forerunner in his own tribe. In the Coward family tree, one does hear, to be sure, a twittering as of bird notes, for among his father's folks there was manifest a disposition toward the kind of community singing which still enables neighbors in British suburbs to get together and sing "Hey, Nonny! Ho Nonny! Hey Nonny No!" in unison with perfectly straight faces. Then, too, an aunt of Noel Coward's was a singer, of sufficient local renown to be known (for a little distance at least) as the Twickenham Nightingale.

IT was probably with a vague feeling that all the Cowards were musical (hadn't a somewhat earlier Coward played the organ at the Crystal Palace?) that his mother aspired to make a singer of him, sending him to the school at Clapham, where angel-faced boys were hopefully trained for the Chapel Royal choir. Some such step was enforced by this particular angel-faced boy's necessary removal from the ordinary school in Sutton, Surrey, where relations between himself and his teacher had become somewhat strained. It seems that during a discussion of the value of grammar as a study (it was Master Coward's contention that grammar's place was in the home), the six-year-old dialectician laid ruffianly hands upon his teacher, and sank a tooth in her startled arm. A tendency to become thus impassioned about purely intellectual questions has lingered with him ever since—as has the memory of how Miss Willington's pink silk shirtwaist tasted that morning back in Sutton, Surrey, long ago. The young Berserk was sent to study for the Chapel Royal, where he doubtless gleaned the material for a lyric he wrote years afterward with the refrain:

> We're six dirty little choir boys,
> With really frightful minds . . .

and where his mother maintained him for several years by dint of taking in paying guests at their home in Battersea Park.

In all things she has since abetted him. She took in lodgers during the lean days in the Ebury Street house, which he now owns. She attended the theatre with him every year on his birthday (they began with "Goody Two-Shoes" when he was four years old), and she kept this custom up when it meant much forehanded penny-pinching to accumulate the price of two places in the gallery and an all-day wait in the queue to get them. She



has always believed hotly that every play by him is better than Sheridan, and she beams with pride at his every first night, including even the painful première of "Sirocco" because, being a little deaf, she mistook the salvos of booing for salvos of applause.

SHE left the paying guests to shift for themselves in Battersea Park to go with him when, at the age of ten, he set forth to get his first job. This was in response to Lila Field's advertisement in the *Mirror* calling for child actors to appear in a fairy play entitled "The Goldfish." The two of them repaired to an office in George Street, Baker Street, and for the edification of Miss Field, Master Coward firmly did a song and dance in imitation of Gertie Millar, which, by the mysterious divinations which prompt impresarii, determined Miss Field to cast him as Prince Mussel. His mother braced herself to ask the crucial question, "How much?" Miss Field murmured something about a guinea-and-a-half a week. Mrs. Coward's heart sank. "Oh dear," she said, and wondered if she could possibly scrape that much together. But Miss Field was still talking. "Yes," she said, "I can pay him a guinea-and-a-half a week." By superhuman effort the two guilty Cowards managed to contain themselves, and did not go into their dance until they were out in the street. Then they biffed off to blow themselves to ices, which they consumed in whatever nonchalant manner was employed in Battersea Park to indicate "Easy come, easy go."

But the idea of going on the stage at all was Master Coward's own. Probably at that age all children who see other children on the stage have an inner ache of envy, but most of them regard such a career as a wild impossibility. I am trying, in this adumbration of Noel Coward's eventual biography, to suggest that he has managed to get so much done in his short life because, even at the age of ten, it never occurred to him to regard anything as impossible.

IN addition to the force of this original and continuing impulsion, Coward has had the added advantage of really liking to work. In a Profile of Edwin L. James (obscurely published in an early issue of this magazine in the days when it would have been a saving of time, expense and labor merely to have called up the various subscribers and told them the fascinating facts contained in each issue), James's success as Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* was accounted for by the fact that there were only two things he knew how to do, and one of them was to work. It might be said of Noel Coward that there is only one thing he knows how to do.

One finds in sundry articles about him (notably, for instance, in the preface written by Arnold Bennett for the American edition of Coward's latest volume of plays), a disposition to praise him for this, as if he had hammered out the brilliant script of "Hay Fever" in a three-day session at his typewriter, only by strongly suppressing his natural inclination to go out and play croquet. It would be as reasonable to praise Lindbergh for not being a coal miner, or Peggy Hopkins Joyce for overcoming her deep predisposition to enter a convent. You will always find the likes of Bennett in rapturous contemplation of the austerity of Coward's life, his avoidance of midnight parties, his addiction to water as a beverage. The whole implication of such praise (it is a byproduct of the Puritan mind) is that Coward works from a sense of duty. That is sheer nonsense. The man can, and occasionally does, lie on the sun-drenched Riviera rocks in imitation of a lizard, but it is that, mind you, which he does

"By God, suh! I won't fohget this insult!"

conscientiously. By the same reasoning, I suppose Mr. Bennett would look with disapproval on a bulbous tenor, clad in three sweaters, running around the Central Park Reservoir before breakfast. "What an idler!" Mr. Bennett would ejaculate. "What a scatter-brained romp!"

It is this deep relish for work, (plus, I suspect, a wintry feeling, common among the precocious, of somehow not belonging to his own generation), which has introduced the faintly avuncular note into so many of Coward's songs, such as "Dance Little Lady" and "Poor Little Rich Girl," which are quite spinsterish and autumnal in their disproval of Mr. Coward's contemporaries. It is that note which has misled Beverley Nichols into loudly revering Mr. Coward as a great moral force, a topic which that engaging young English satirist resorts to whenever momentarily out of subjects to write about.

It is that passion for work, that helpless addiction to work, which carried Coward through the difficult 1921 days when (literally) he sat hungry and homesick on the benches of our own Battery, and for the sake of a square meal, or even a round one, would accept dinner invitations from the kind of Long Island hostess who would break a long silence to say, "My grandfather would not have allowed an actor to sit at his table." The same passion armored him with the effrontery to go right on writing for the English stage after, in a fit of petulance at the silly old Lord Chamberlain, he had publicly and grandly left it forever. The same passion strengthened him to ride the nasty storm of a year ago, when the English pit rose and booed him, and the English press almost to a man (if the term is not too effusive) jeered at him.

That curious outbreak, inexplicable to a mere American, would need a chapter to itself. The obscure, varied and complicated origins which it drained included such ill-assorted items as (a) the fact that he was once photographed in bed, (b) that, after "Hay Fever" had run a year in London, he admitted having spent only three days in writing it, and (c) that a puzzlingly powerful London dramatic critic named Hannen Swaffer (whom Arnold Bennett has described as "a composite of the late Alan Dale and the existing G. Jean Nathan"), was fearful lest American audiences would regard Coward's harsh, exciting and unsentimental play, "The Vortex," as a glimpse into the average English home. I refer here to that night of storm at all only to point out that even while the gallery gods were booing him, something struck Coward as funny and he laughed in their ugly faces. And to point out, too, that when a man in the silent crowd waiting outside spat in his face as he left the stage-door, he wiped off the spittle of the man-in-the-street and hurried home, as a toper to his bottle, to write another play. Or, if that is not strictly true, at least I think it is true that, along with the rage and the bitterness and bewilderment in his heart as he drove home that night, there was also a lively speculation as to which of many plays he would start to write next morning.

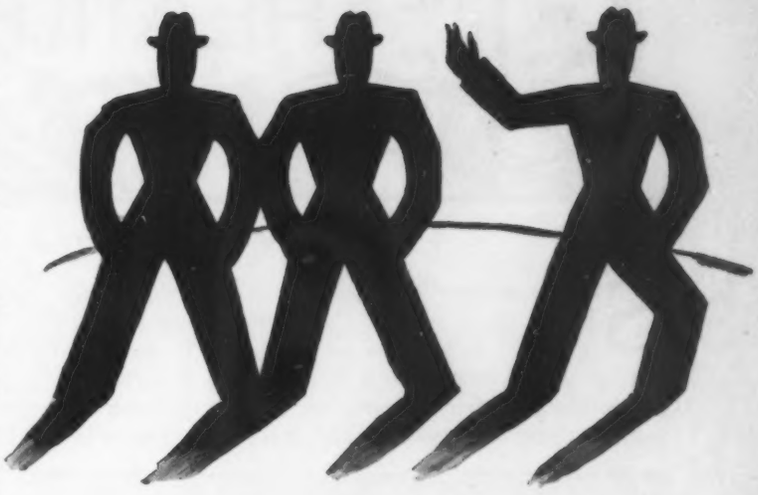
JUST now the goose honks high. "This Year of Grace" is selling out in London and New York, and he himself is footing it featly in the New York company. A Broadway wiseacre tells me that his income from this one venture must be somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars a week. His dressing-room table is heaped with invitations to every midnight supper in Manhattan, for the wily hostesses know that no one's table talk is more charming, and no one's larks at the piano half so entertaining. The usual response to such invitation is Mr. Coward's regrets. He hasn't time to go. He is too busy. The morning after the triumphant first night of "This Year of Grace" he had to get up bright and early, you see, to start work on an operetta.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

•

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Breyer are the parents of a seven-pound son born at La Crosse Methodist Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell, 2027 Liberty Street.—*La Crosse (Wis.) Tribune.*

It's all a matter of bookkeeping.



"Well, so long, boys, I'm going to wear knickers."

• •

DANCE-MOTIF FOR A MASQUE

(WITH A FAREWELL TO BE SAID OR SUNG)

Down the wind's melodic curve
  You girls with hair flying,
Buoyant as with silken sails,
  Why are you crying
    Farewell you Spanish ladies?

And hurry, lads! there beckons Spain,
  Drifting and delaying!
Must you lose them all again?
  Must you still be saying
    Farewell you Spanish ladies?

One who lures you on with lace
  Over a bare shoulder,
Lovely, sullen, touched with race,
  Purple eyes that smoulder . . .
    Farewell you Spanish ladies.

One more like a mountain-girl,
  Dusk and tan and gold,
Kerchief fastened with a thorn,
  Barefoot, thistle-bold . . .
    Farewell you Spanish ladies.

You will never see them more.
  Soon they will be gone!
And that other laughing one
  With the corals on . . .
    Farewell you Spanish ladies.

Follow them though it be vain!
  With no voice replying,
Cup your hands and call again,
  While the wind goes sighing
    Farewell you Spanish ladies!

—GENOVA CHARLOT

THE THEATRE

TWO TRIPLE A'S

"STREET SCENE" is by Elmer Rice. It is at the Playhouse Theatre. It has one set and a cast of sixty people, and it seems to me the first worthy piece of dramatic writing to have resulted from the visit of the Moscow Art Theatre to our shores.

It seems to me a great deal more. If I hadn't fought with myself all the way down the street I'd be throwing out phrases like: "The most important contribution yet made to American literature of the theatre." I'd—now, now. That's enough of that. I'll be calmer in a minute or two.

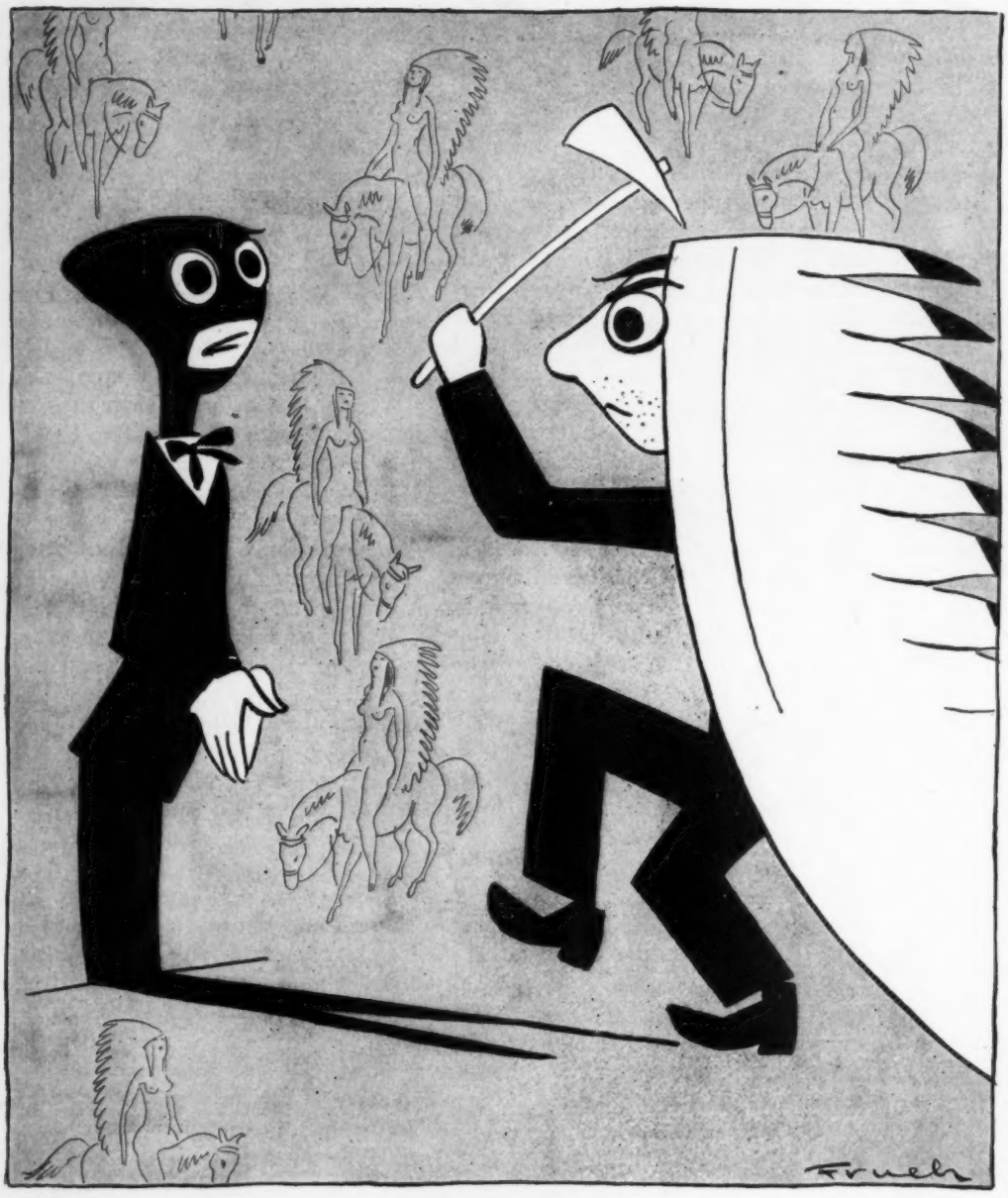
Well, to start all over again, "Street Scene" is the entirely objective study of a New York tenement house on a sizzling night in June and the day which follows it, a day which holds for the dwellers in that particular tenement a big treat, a *crime passionel* of their very own.

The tenement has known that Frank Maurrant's wife, Anna, had a lover. It has clucked about the fact delightedly, and the kids have thrown the story in little Willie Maurrant's face, while their elders have implied it to Rose Maurrant incessantly. Rose has talked to her mother as much as she dared, Frank Maurrant has yelled at his wife; but, the opportunity arising, Mrs. Maurrant tells the dusty little collector from Borden's, who happens to represent romance to her, that she must talk to him, and draws down the blinds of her flat.

Maurrant comes back drunk, sees the drawn blinds, and the tenement gets its treat in as horrible a scene as has ever shaken a theatre, a scene made up of charging footsteps, a boy shrieking a warning, shots, and the lover writhing through a window to be caught and dragged back to more shots.

There are quantities of other happenings in "Street Scene," quieter happenings, more poignant ones, funny ones. The play is charged with life. That is a virtue for which one can forgive many faults. In this instance the faults are not numerous or striking and, just for a change, I won't mention any.

The direction by Mr. Rice is magnificent without any of the showiness of Mamoulian's direction of scenes offering similar prob-



"WHOOPEE"

The fierce brave is only Mr. Eddie Cantor, as he appears in one scene of the gorgeous Ziegfeld musical comedy at the New Amsterdam. The shadow is, symbolically speaking, the shadow of his former self, for in this show he wears but for a brief time his old familiar blackface makeup. The ladies are not figures on a curtain but are to be seen, very much in person.

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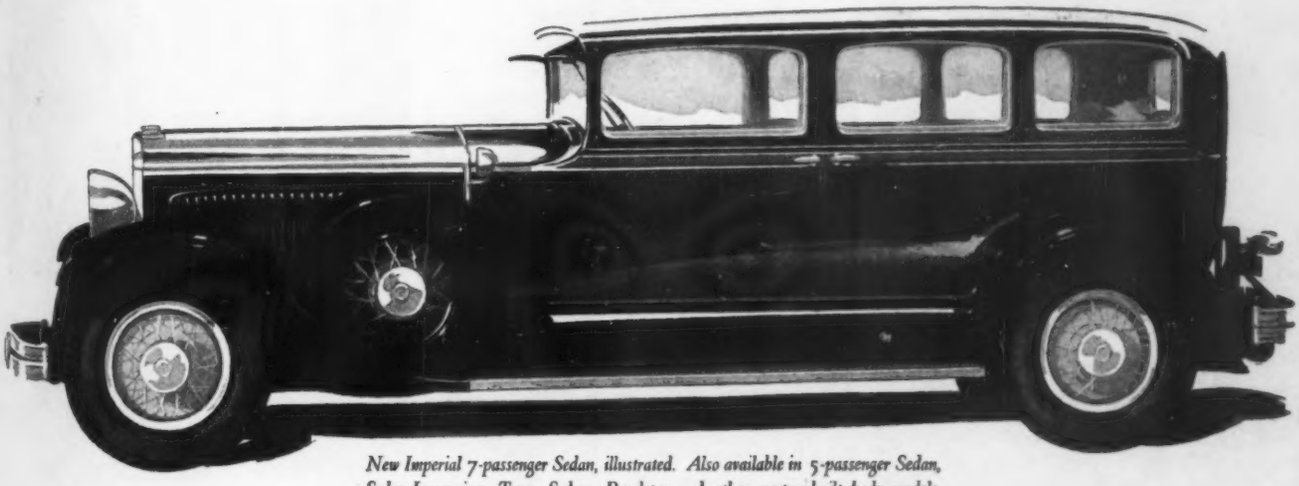

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lems. The setting by Jo Mielziner manages to get an appropriate grandeur out of an ugly brownstone tenement with a Byzantine doorway. The cast is uniformly good, with Mary Servoss as Anna Maurrant, Erin O'Brien-Moore as Rose Maurrant, and Beulah Bondi as Emma Jones, topping the rest.

I guess maybe I'm being a little silly about this play and had better stop, but don't let anything I've said keep you from seeing it.

"THE MARRIAGE BED," at the Booth, dramatized by Ernest Pascal from his novel of the same name, is a thesis drama. The thesis seems to be that marriage is a good thing but when love comes along those interested in the unfortunate parties attacked can only stand by and hold hard. And maybe love doesn't come along frequently in its three brief acts. Love is like a typhoon to the characters involved, and very few of them have the strength even to look for shelter when it shows up on the horizon.

Extra-marital love did its first damage to the suburban family under consideration, long before curtain-rise, when Caroline Reid found that her husband Gilbert was guilty of an indiscretion, turned him out of the house, and would never hear a word of excuse.

Their daughter Mary, grown to womanhood and married to George Boyd, learns that George is having an affair with Christine Kennedy. She doesn't like it but says nothing until George tells her himself and asks her for a divorce, which she refuses because of their children.

Christine comes and tells Mary that she is going to have a baby. Still Mary refuses the divorce. Then Mary learns that Cecily, her beloved younger sister, has fallen in love and is going to elope with a married man whose wife won't divorce him. This humanizes Mary's picture of Christine, and she consents to the divorce. At that instant George's real desire for it vanishes.

In a weak last act, George comes home because he has heard that one of the children is ill. He doesn't know where Christine is, and is worried about her. Mary turns down a rich suitor. Christine appears and announces that she's arranged not to have the baby after all, and the curtain falls on Mary and George arguing as to whether their son is too little to have a bicycle.

"The Marriage Bed" is quite a good play. Its thesis is rubbed in rather too hard, each character being obviously

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one facet of the problem, but each character is also pretty credible.

It has been admirably cast. Ann Davis does a beautiful, authentic portrait of Mary. Elizabeth Patterson is superb as Mary's mother, but Elizabeth Patterson is always superb. Allan Dinehart gives great likableness to George, and Helen Chandler and Helen Flint, as the storm-tossed Cecily and Christine, register storm most effectively.

BY going to A. E. Thomas' "Vermont," at Erlanger's, you will hear a good deal of rather puzzled discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Henry Carter is a farmer trying to scratch a livelihood, as his forebears have, from the granite hills of Vermont. His son Charles has been blinded by poisonous bootleg liquor. Under economic pressure and the persuasion of one Jim Belden, Henry Carter rents an old barn on his place to bootleggers. He is also guilty of getting Henry's other son John into drinking ways.

Ann Carter, Henry's daughter, hates Jim Belden for what he has done to her family, and threatens to shoot him if he comes to the Carter house again. He returns and she does so, and Jim, wounded but taking the blame for his wound on himself, slides from villain into hero.

When finally Henry Carter has been killed in a federal raid on the barn, and John Carter has been put into jail, Jim Belden promises to reform if Ann will marry him, and she gives every indication that she will rather than accept her other suitor, who is a skulking government agent.

The dialogue should have been whittled down a lot. The characters stray from pure New England speech into strange realms, and, as I think I've proven, there's a certain wildness about the plot, but "Vermont" has this advantage: one wonders how it's going to come out.

Incidentally, it often suggests that it's going to be a far finer play than it ever gets to be.

"Vermont," too, has been beautifully cast. Phyllis Povah makes the intolerant, passionately law-abiding New England girl an object for affection and respect. John T. Doyle rings true as old Henry Carter, Kate Mayhew is delightful as Aunt Jane Selden, and Allyn Joslyn's performance makes one believe in Jim Belden.

AT Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre, "Follow Thru," by

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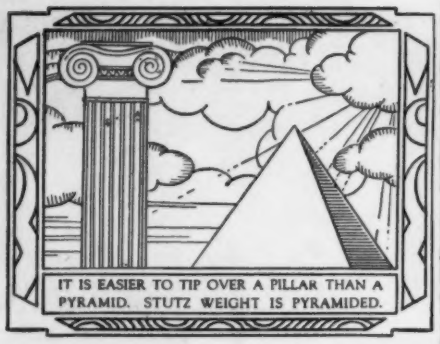

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Laurence Schwab and B. G. De Sylva, does for the country club approximately what "Good News" did for higher education. It's a gay, blaring show with corking strident music, quantities of comedy, and a heroine who, though she has her tribulations, doesn't break into a good cry for the second-act curtain the while she mournfully reprises her most melodious song number.

It begins very amusingly in what purports to be 1908, but looks more like 1898 (these youngsters are a saucy lot); then jumps, with a Zelma O'Neal stomp, to the present, and the rivalry in love and golf of two ladies at the Bound Brook Country Club.

Irene Delroy plays the heroine, and the entirely delightful Zelma O'Neal is her girl-friend. John Sheehan gives some of his leeringly amusing comedy to the part of J. C. Effingham, and Jack Haley has one of those sure-fire "Private Secretary" rôles.

The dance routines are extra ingenious, and I can recommend "Follow Thru" without misgivings.

ON the other hand, "Polly," at the Lyric, is only a fair-to-middling musical show, one in which the heroine bursts into a good cry for the second-act curtain the while she reprises her most melodious song number. It is made from the Bolton-Middleton comedy "Polly with a Past," and is at its best when closest to that original.

The heroine is played by the English dancer who has June for her entire professional name. June proves to be gently lovely, and adept at all the arts needful to the heroine of a musical play. In fact I rather resent her charm; it would have been so pat to write: "Oh to be in England now that June is here."

Fred Allen is the main comedian. He has not yet quite managed the transition from vaudeville to musical-show technique but he is way above average funny, with a face like a parchment mask, and extra-dry lines for which one is inclined to give him personal credit.

The only other participants who stick in my memory are Inez Courtney and those india-rubber dancers, Gus and Will (no surnames are mentioned. There's a good deal of reticence in this cast).

The costumes are strikingly hideous and there's something lacking which used to be regarded as rather essential to musical shows when I was young. I think they called it sex.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

SHOULD THE EIFFEL TOWER APPEAR ON FIFTH AVENUE, *it would be surprising* - - - -

but not very helpful. Another bit of Paris, as French as the tower, is here already. It is the New York shop of Kargère. Not a New York shop with Parisian atmosphere. But a Paris shop with a New York address, 636 Fifth Avenue—at 51st Street. Enter Madame. Voilà Paris!

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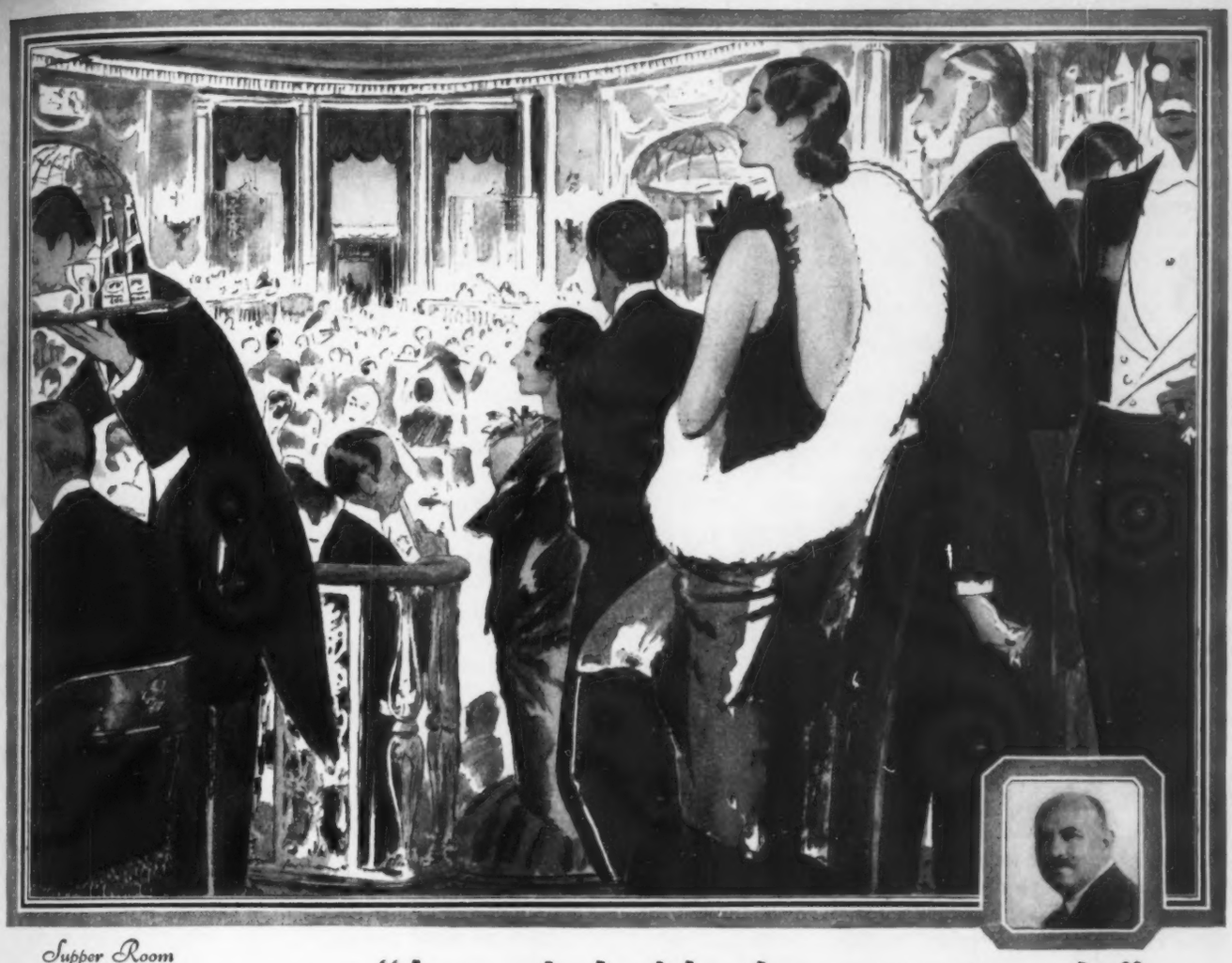

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

POISON

[The author of the following article is a research chemist working in the laboratories of a large corporation who has made a study of the chemical aspects of the recent "poison-liquor" raids.—THE EDITORS]

BRIGHT and early on the day after New Year's The New York *Telegram* published on its front page an editorial in which were reported the results of a survey made by members of its staff into the liquor situation in New York City. Commending Commissioner Whalen's spectacular drive to dry up the metropolis, the *Telegram* at the same time pointed out to him, and to the public in general, that of the eighteen thousand speakeasies in this city a considerable number, as the hospital records indicate, must be dispensing beverages which are poisonous.

Some four hundred of New York's representative speakeasies were visited by *Telegram* reporters, who brought some of the liquor back to be analyzed by a chemist employed by the newspaper. On the basis of these analyses the *Telegram* stated that eleven of these four hundred speakeasies were selling "poisonous liquor." The addresses of these eleven were transmitted to Mr. Whalen with the editorial advice that, inasmuch as literal desiccation of the city is impossible, he concentrate his attention on these eleven poison vendors and leave honest bootleggers alone for the time being. This sounded reasonable to the new Commissioner of Police—and besides, the Rothstein case was threatening to bob up embarrassingly again at the first unoccupied moment. So within twenty-four hours all the eleven offending bars were raided, and one of them reduced to wreckage—while in nearly every case speakeasies in the same block which were known to the police but had escaped the *Telegram* blacklist were not molested.

THERE is no question about the logic of the *Telegram's* argument. But a careful examination of the evidence on the basis of which differentiation was made between criminal and merely naughty bootleggers discloses that this evidence was unskillfully obtained and unintelligently interpreted. The probabilities are that there is just as much criminal bootlegging among the three hundred and eighty-nine of the *Telegram's* select four hundred on which they put their official stamp of approval as among the unfortunate eleven, for wood alcohol, which, with not more than two exceptions, was the only poison appearing in the published analyses in the *Telegram*, is only one of at least eight poisons which are likely to be found in alcohol of illegal origin. Besides these common adulterants which are added to grain alcohol by the Government to render it unpotable and which are all therefore poisons, there are at least twenty-five or thirty others which might occasionally be found in bootleg spirit. The absurdity of decreeing that a liquor is poisonous or drinkable on the basis of whether it contains or does not contain wood alcohol is apparent.

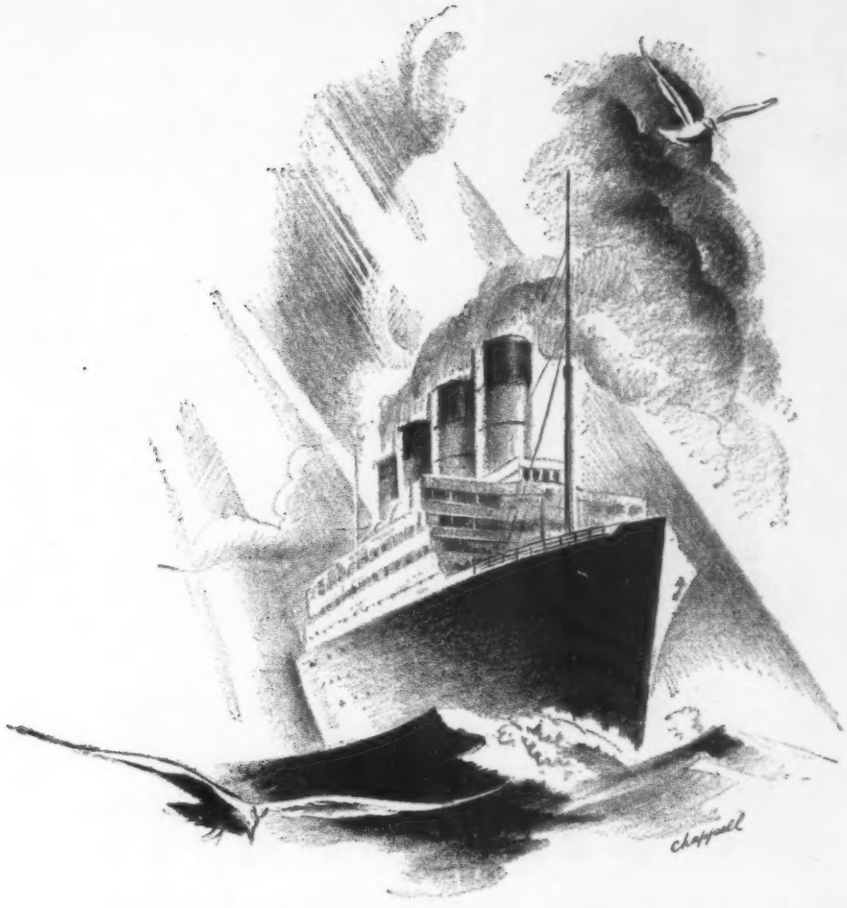
A few of the commonly found adulterants which in addition to wood alcohol might be found in illegal rum are listed below:

Acetone, pyridine, ammonia, diethyl phthallate, phenol, benzene, aldohol (a kerosene derivative), amyl alcohols (fusel oil), propyl alcohols, alkaloids (of which there are many), bichloride of mercury.

The Treasury Department publishes an official list of formulas for the adulteration of grain alcohol for use in legitimate industries. There are close to fifty of these formulas, all of which are in use, and the constituents of any of which are likely to be found in speakeasy liquor. Wood alcohol, as a matter of fact, is one of the easiest for the bootlegger to remove—and is therefore not very widely used in the Government formulas.

THIS action on the part of the *Telegram* in tacitly assuming that wood alcohol is the only poison to be found in liquor is not complimentary to the reading public. It smacks of trying to capitalize what is evidently thought to be public ignorance and gullibility. It furthermore tends to foster in the public mind what is conceivably a dangerous misconception concerning poisonous liquor. A cursory lay reader of the *Telegram's* recent headlines, judging the potability of his bootleggers' stock entirely by the presence or absence of wood alcohol, would be very liable to find himself eventually in the toxicological ward in Bellevue.

Furthermore the worst of it is that the *Telegram* knew better. With commendable but not long enough sus-



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IF the vivid greens of Kent hold a thrill for you —if the mellow weather of the Côte d'Azur or the toy hamlets of the Campagna call you . . . here is the place to live. For the difference between the rent you now pay, if you live in this section, and the cost of maintaining an apartment here is enough to send you to Europe, support you there and bring you back — unless you *must* lease an English castle for the summer. Actually, the saving is anywhere from $1500 to $3400 every year, depending upon the size of your apartment.

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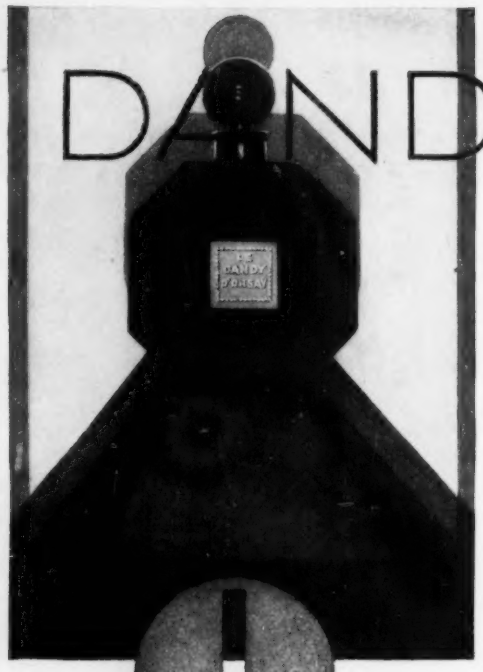

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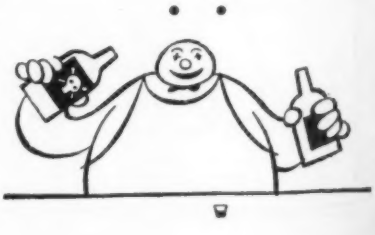
tained caution, the newspaper sent representatives to the best-known expert on poisons in New York City, showed him their chemist's reports, outlined their arguments, and asked for an opinion. This expert needed only a glance at the chemist's reports to render an adverse opinion; for these reports showed that the chemist had paid no attention to any possible adulterant except wood alcohol. He explained to the newspaper men the chemistry of the situation and ventured that the analyses were untrustworthy.

The next day the *Telegram* brought to this toxicologist a sample of whiskey which their chemist had found by analysis to contain 0.5 per cent wood alcohol. The newspaper requested that the expert attempt to confirm this analysis. This the expert did—and found no trace of wood alcohol. Later investigation of the liquor showed dangerous traces of diethyl phthallate, a poison for which the *Telegram's* chemist had apparently not looked.

In the face of this the *Telegram* published its story and started its campaign.

IN the analyses of the liquor of the eleven condemned speakeasies published in follow-up stories by the *Telegram*, wood-alcohol percentages of 0.5 per cent and sometimes of 0.2 per cent appear. In elucidating this for the layman, the *Telegram* states that their analysts, "whenever they found wood alcohol, held down the percentage named as provable beyond any possible doubt. Thus although tests of some of the samples indicated 1 per cent the highest certified by the chemists was 0.5 per cent." Even if this statement had any discernible meaning it would be nullified by an expert opinion obtained by the writer that it is not scientifically possible to distinguish between 0.2 per cent and 0.5 per cent wood alcohol.

In one case the liquor in a speakeasy was condemned by the *Telegram* because it showed 0.2 per cent sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid is a poison that works harm only if taken in a strong solution, where it burns the mucous membrane. In this small percentage



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That for-and-against actually went on for three depriving years.
Then one Sunday A. M. (after his paper and cigar) I inveigled him to the southern side of the converted stable-garage (designed and built 125 years ago by my great grandad Jonas Seely, Esq.)
Let's pass hastily over the ensuing exchange of views. Be it enough, that herewith please find said greenhouse.

The builders call it a Leanto.
Maybe it is. But to us, it's a slice of the Garden of Eden, sans the snake, and sans the apple orchard."

**The above is part of a letter written to a friend of theirs, who is a friend of ours.
It was taking liberties. But how otherwise could you know of so delightful a happy ending?
There's a book called "Greenhouses as we Know them", which we will gladly send you.**

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Two days out of wintry New York on a Cunarder and you are introduced to summer . . . Lounging in your stateroom you anticipate Nassau in a tangle of palms and bananas . . . Ordering from your diplomatic steward at dinner you visualize the joys of a daiquiri at the Sevilla Biltmore Café in Havana . . . An hour in the gymnasium and you glimpse yourself diving through the jade surf at Crane Beach, Barbados . . . And it is all true . . . Because you are on a Cunarder which is just as glamorous, marvelous and adventurous as the tropical ports you will visit.

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S. S. CALIFORNIA—
From N. Y. . . .
February 23, 1929.

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from New York . . . January to March 16, 1929.

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CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

it is quite innocuous—a fact which is borne out by the statement in a standard textbook of physiological chemistry that hydrochloric acid, which is comparable in corrosiveness to sulphuric acid, "is normally present in the gastric juice of man to the extent of 0.2 to 0.3 per cent."

THESE facts are presented in support of the statement made in the beginning of this article that the evidence on which the *Telegram* differentiates between good and bad speakeasies was unskillfully obtained and unintelligently interpreted. But a more serious development has lately taken place which, from a scientific viewpoint, completely vitiates the whole argument back of the *Telegram's* publicity campaign.

When the *Telegram's* now famous List of Eleven was first presented to Mr. Whalen, this restless gentleman immediately saw the point. Came a week of glorious fun for Mr. Whalen and his strong-arm squad. Then someone in federal authority in New York decided it would be just as well to check up on the *Telegram's* analyses before the thing went too far. More sampling agents were sent to the eleven offending speakeasies—ten of which had in the meantime reopened—and more samples were brought in (how profitable business must have been for the eleven during these two weeks!).

These samples were then submitted to the government chemist, who in due course made a report of which the following is part:

"Traces, in no case over approximately 0.5 per cent, wood alcohol appear in samples from two places. From two other places analysis showed traces of isopropyl alcohol. . . . In the other (6) premises no active denaturant or other poisons found."

"WHETHER or not a liquor is poisonous is merely a problem in chemistry," says the *Telegram*. Approached from this angle serious doubts must be raised as to the toxicity of beverages containing 0.5 per cent wood spirit. An authority in toxicology has stated to the writer that beverages made of raw, unaged, chemically pure grain alcohol are as likely to cause collapse from alcoholic poisoning as are those with a trace of wood alcohol. In a wide experience in autopsies on persons dying after drinking, he states that in most cases no poison is found and the condition of the organs indi-

Just An Overnight Trip* to America's Sport Center

Bushes bright with holly berries . . . brisk air spiced with Pinehurst's long-leafed pines . . . the joy of outdoors . . . perfect facilities for sports . . . good times every minute of your visit. Special rates during January.

For reservations or illustrated booklet write General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

*Leave N. Y. City 5:15 P. M. Arrive Pinehurst next morning for breakfast. Carolina Hotel and New Holly Inn now open. Pine Needles Inn opens January 26th.

FOR SALE

A Business for an Esthete

PRODUCING high type of decorative accessories for the home—also substantial net income on investment required. Established, growing rapidly, with large nationwide following of leading department stores and decorators—but owner has impeccable personal reasons for withdrawal. Very interesting details will be furnished to person establishing financial responsibility to extent of $18,000.

Address E. L. % The New Yorker

The world's largest ship-building program

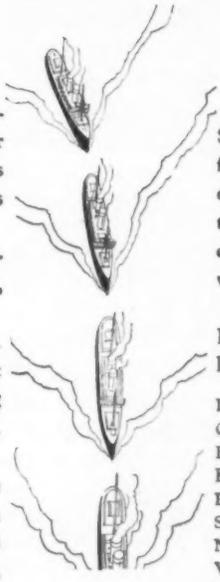
PRESENTS ITS 1929 FLEET

This spring ... 16 passenger ships ... St. Lawrence-Canadian Pacific to Europe. Two new this year ... two new last year ... four others, six years old. Already this is one of the outstanding fleets of the Atlantic.

Its proud leaders are the three Empresses. First-class ... and first-class in terms of spreading ease, restful decorations, uncrowded comfort.

Its newest additions are the four Duchesses. Cabin-class ... but cabin-class uplifted with public rooms of modern decoration, rare wood panelling ... private bath suites ... full electric operation. 20,000 gross tons each.

Its main fleet comprises four "M" ships and five "Mont" ships ... all huge ... all modern ... all with followings of their own. Its revelations still to come include a 40,000 ton 5-day flyer of the seas.



Such are the ships you choose, when you choose St. Lawrence-Canadian Pacific to Europe. To the fascination of this 1000-mile seaway into the heart of America, you add the delights of life aboard these aristocrats of the ocean, with their French-chef'd cuisine, their whole-hearted service, their wonderfully pleasant atmosphere.

3-to-5 sailings a week, May—November. From Montreal and Québec. To England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Belgium.

If you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Otherwise, write any Canadian Pacific Office: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Minneapolis, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington. In Canada: Montreal, Nelson, North Bay, Ottawa, Québec, Saint John, Toronto, Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg.

ST. LAWRENCE - Canadian Pacific

the other seaway to

EUROPE

Havana, smartest city in America, offers you thirteen daily hours of sunshine for sport, horse-racing on the prettiest track you've seen, a Jockey Club where you may play, dine, dance or watch the races —Jai-Alai, fastest game on earth—and the Casino, luxurious shrine of a fickle goddess, with the best cook this side of Paris.

And, of course, you must see the wondrous Isle of Pines—the valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Matanzas — Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf.

Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

Havana

SMARTEST CITY IN AMERICA

cates death from raw but pure alcohol.

The *Telegram* quotes, as scientific authority for assigning toxicity to the liquors it condemned, an article in a chemical journal which states that if ten persons each drink four ounces of wood alcohol in three hours, four will suffer no permanent injury while six will experience dire results. Does the *Telegram* realize that to consume four ounces of wood alcohol in three hours, a person would have to drink *nearly thirteen quarts of the speakeasy liquor containing 0.5 per cent wood alcohol, and this within three hours' time?*

Whatever may be one's convictions as to the desirability of raiding speakeasies, it is patently unfair to discriminate on the basis of pseudo-scientific evidence of liquor toxicity. But, after all, "whether liquor is poisonous or not is merely a problem in chemistry." The *Telegram* might profitably approach the matter from that angle.

—Beverly L. Clarke

•

FAMOUS BATHS AND BATHERS

The baths of Caracalla
Beat those in Walla Walla;
Their emblems and omens
Appealed to the Romans.

The baths of Diocletian
Were filled to repletion
With aediles and eunuchs
In togas and tunics.

Susanna, young fool,
Bathed in the pool;
The elders in the shrubbery
Kicked up a bobbery.

Diogenes, old chap,
Just turned on a tap;
(No, that couldn't be,
For he lived B. C.)

Brave Sir Launcelot
Liked the water hot;
While the old Ettrick shephe'd
Preferred his quite tepid.

Marat, we know,
Used a bathtub, and so
Was put out of the way
By Charlotte Corday.

All of the Pitts
Always used Sitz;
The family tradition
Decreed this position.

But E. Humperdinck
Washed at the sink;
He said, "It saves time
And it takes off the grime."

—Carolyn Wells

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA

Most Divorced Man dodges jail by finding QUICKEST WAY *to* HAVANA

Pan American Airliners Solve Alimony Question For Man About Town

Mr. Harold Square Flying to Happiness

And he wasn't lonesome for a minute, because plenty of his own upper-crust set have found this new luxury way of speeding to Havana and the Indies.

A word about Pan American Airliners: Three sturdy motors, two veteran pilots, one thoughtful steward. And a roomy cabin with gay tropical decorations, wide aisle, roomy easeful seats, full vision windows. And constant radio communication, modern toilet facilities.

And only two hours and fifteen minutes from Miami to Havana.

Through rail-air service daily with these superb trains

From New York—39 hours to Havana and Nassau
(Making direct connections from Boston)
Havana Special Lv. 3:20 PM
Palmetto Limited Lv. 7:10 PM
Florida Special Lv. 8:35 PM

From Chicago and principal cities in Ohio and Michigan—Flamingo

From Chicago and St. Louis—44 hours to Havana and Nassau—Dixie Limited—Floridan

BEGINNING JANUARY 7, 1929
these trains provide through service daily with transfer to Pan American Airliners at Miami, for Havana.

Thrice weekly—with service to Nassau and ports through the Indies to San Juan.

Information, rates, reservations, at principal railway ticket offices or

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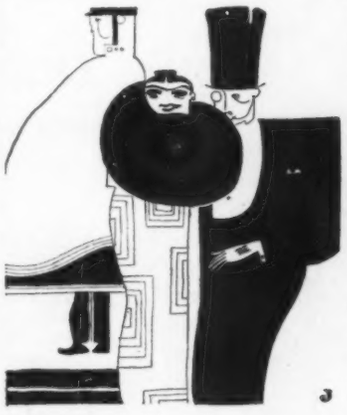
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JANUARY 9

THE new year of 1929 is going to be a modern one here. Twentieth-century methods and mechanics, long since suitable to a new Europe, have suddenly been formulated into immediate French projects, now that this century is nearly a third passed by. A sum equivalent to six million dollars will be spent by the new Air Ministry on research alone, and nearly fifty million on the development of commercial aviation. Bigger planes are to be installed and new routes traced; the regular London service will be expanded to connect at Le Bourget with Riviera hops, the milords being thus able to go completely south in one swoop. Besides a new Biarritz line, extra services to Cannes and Monte Carlo are arranged, these denoting the government's desire to succor the winter season on the Mediterranean, which for the hotelkeepers has of late been blue indeed. To encourage continued credulity in the League of Nations, air-runs are being extended to Geneva; and for the benefit of shippers are being scheduled along the west coast from Cherbourg to Bordeaux.



ON earth, something is going to be done about good-will to men. We refer particularly to pedestrians. The traffic situation, peculiarly acute in Paris and London because of their medieval planning, is going to be solved here if pen, paper, and pennies can work it. The recently projected underground-street scheme has caved in owing to the animosity of M. Ventre, official government architect. What he favors is an over-ground sidewalk.

Briefly, he proposes to turn the shops now on the ground floor of most Paris buildings into garages, moving the shops to the second floor. Before the second floor he would run a new and upper sidewalk, the old or lower one having been absorbed into the old street, which, thank God, is left just where you last saw it. This, as we say, is what is now being suggested for the safeguarding of the lives of Parisians, and it will be put into effect only over their dead bodies.

For their motor cars, a happier new year is planned by the Préfet, whose energy receives some admiration at last. In 1928 he had already reduced parking to alternate sides of the street on odd or even days of the month, which forced motorists to keep their eyes not only on the gas but also on the calendar. For 1929 he states that "motor cars are made to run, not to sit," and "streets are not free garages." Thus even unilateral parking is taboo, and it is inferred that taxi stands are also done away with. Slow-moving traffic, and this means carts pulled either by horses or men, is forbidden circulation in congested districts between two and seven P.M. This is seen as the end, in Paris, of the use of horses as motive power and, eventually, as meat. Electric advertisements which conflict with traffic flares are to be suppressed; and since red, blue, and green are official traffic colors, they will be forbidden to commerce in certain sections. These rulings went into effect on January 1; five hundred traffic cops, with another thousand drawn daily in rotation from the regular force, will politely enforce them.

WHAT continues to be so important that it is merely called L'Affaire, is assuming grave proportions here. Because of one woman's stock-swindling *krach*, the Premier of France, desiring a full investigation of the scandal his party wants hushed, threatens to resign at this moment of writing. Eleven of the woman's associates are in La Santé prison; one of her colleagues is dying of heart-failure; three of her ruined victims have hanged themselves; two government ministers have lost face; two newspapers have been proved to be bribe-takers; and now an ex-Minister of the Interior and a third print, *Le Journal*, one of the Great Five of Paris, are dragged in—only slightly, but sufficiently to add to public contempt and entertainment.

In airing the new scandal, old ones (and always the war) are recalled. It

France

Sun on a beach umbrella...Moonlight on a storied wall...Yours for the choosing, if you first choose-France!

If you want to see the newest clothes—catch the latest crazes—and watch the International Tennis Tournament at Nice that brings the whole smart European world together—you've got to go to France in January.

The Riviera glitters under a summer sun, awake and playing night and day... Cannes, the winter capital of the international set... Antibes and Juan-les-Pins, home of those daring sun-worshippers who have revolutionized beauty... Nice with its shops, its sports events, its great gay Promenade des Anglais ... Monte Carlo where all the world risks its diamonds... The Grande and the Petite Corniche are strung with flashing cars, carrying the gypsy world of fashion back and forth across those smooth spectacular miles that skirt the loveliest ocean in the world.

For those who want the mellow past as well as the hectic present—there is Roman France for peaceful interlude... Avignon, filled with medieval ghosts... Arles, Nimes, Orange with their serene tremendous ruins made part of the vivid Provencal life of today... St. Remy, birthplace of the poet Mistral... Carcassonne, with its great grey walls and pointed towers against the far-off ramparts of the shining Pyrenees.

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives
INTERNATIONAL WAGON-LITS,
701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Our young Swiss guide

summons the tobogganing party . . . We are off to an afternoon's sport out of Zurich . . . Swiftly the sleds race over miles of snowy ribbon . . Then, back to *The Baur-au-lac* for dinner and an evening of myriad gaieties!

Visitors with a will to taste the finer essence of New York's night life climax their day's diversions with a visit to the Roosevelt Grill . . . Here they find the real Manhattanites at play—bright people, fashioning life to a gayer pattern.

In the Newly-Decorated Grill
BEN BERNIE
and his Celebrated Orchestra
entertain nightly during dinner and supper
Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!
BEN BERNIE
on Brunswick Records, exclusively

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. *at* 45*th* ST.
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director
UNITED HOTELS

is remembered that *Le Journal* offered itself for secret sale to the Germans; that its editor was imprisoned and its backer, too ill to stand, was shot sitting in his chair by the firing squad. Parisians remember that Anquetil, now of *Rumeur*, once gave charity performances for the Red Cross and that an examination of his box office proved that his charity began, and indeed ended, at home. In the Hanau affair everyone's private morals are publicly discussed. The type of after-the-armistice *arrivistes*, known as *les nouveaux messieurs*, among whom thievery has taken the place of old French thrift, is finally under fire.

Since all French scandals are paper scandals, the triumph in L'Affaire of Coty, Fascist perfumer and publisher of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has also been an item of interest. Already at war with all other publishers because, being rich, he sells his new journal for two sous rather than for the customary five, he alone has shown no professional pity for the other papers now in disgrace.

His stories, therefore, have been accurate scoops. The ascendancy he gained over the French public by offering it an excellent paper for two sous—he could have been more ascendant only if he had offered it for one—has, because of the Hanau affair, grown into actual trust and respect. In his morning and evening editions, founded six months ago, he has already a circulation of a million. The rich maker of L'Or has stepped into the limelight as the most influential and interesting publisher in France.

THE recent Nautical Salon at the Grand Palais displayed an overwhelming number of small craft and a map of the waterways of France. There are, it seems, nearly four thousand miles of navigable and beautiful streams in this land. Nearly nineteen thousand yachts are registered but only twenty are steam and ocean-going. What the French like, need, and this year got, is a small high-powered outboard four-cylinder motor boat, capable of thirty-five miles an hour and sentimental cruising up anything that will give an eight-foot draw of water and hasn't a dam. Even the sailboats in this year's Salon gave way in number to the preponderant preference for motor craft. Of the canvas-rigged, the most popular, a Janin cutter, had its mast in a tabernacle to permit passage under town bridges. High-speed hydroplanes, a millionaire's cruiser from Jouet et Cie., double-cabined

The HOTEL PRESIDENTE *A Notable* NEW HOTEL *in Havana*

Hotel Presidente adds the last delightful touch to the gayest city in America / It invites the patronage of the discriminating few who take pleasure in the best that modern life affords.

Situated in the finest residential section, surveying the Malecon and the sea, the Presidente stands apart from the clamor of the town and is en route to the Country Club, Jockey Club, the Casino, the Yacht Clubs and the beach.

To dine on the Roof Garden of the Presidente, twelve stories above the city, provides a delightful memory... Music by A Paul Whiteman Orchestra.

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The Navarro
Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park, for immediate occupancy.
DONALD J. THOMAS
Manager
112 Central Park So.
{West 59th Street}

Wyndham
The home of many prominent in art, literary and musical circles. Single room and larger suites, furnished or unfurnished
THOMAS ARMSTRONG
Manager
42 West 58th Street
{In the Park Plaza Section}

Mirabeau
A few 2-room corner suites with serving pantries are available with or without hotel service at minimum rentals.
RAYMOND S. SWANSON
Manager
28 East 70th Street
{Corner Madison Avenue}
BUILT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

river speedsters, and some fish made up the other high spots in the Salon.

AN item of exceptional interest to New York bibliophiles is the new Hours Press, just set up by Nancy Cunard in her country place, Puits-Carré, at Chapelle-Réanville, in the nearby Eure. The hand press is Belgian, eighteenth-century Elzevir type is used, and the book list includes only rare, modern, and new items, in limited editions signed by the authors. The first issue is a revised version of George Moore's "Peronnik the Fool," to be followed by "The Eaten Heart," by Richard Aldington; "One Day," by Norman Douglas; "A Plaquette of Poems," by Iris Tree; "Canto," by Ezra Pound; and "La Chasse au Snark" (Carroll's famous "The Hunting of the Snark"), translated into French by Louis Aragon.

Miss Cunard is one of England's best, if most infrequent, poets, and is a daughter of Lady Cunard, one of London's greatest American hostesses. With Wyndham Lewis of *Blast* fame, and others of the early *Wheel* group, Miss Cunard has long been an intransigent hub of modern literary interests, has a small and severe collection of great modern paintings and an enormous collection of African art, is beautiful, a tireless traveller, and a remarkable letter-writer.

PIERRE DE LANUX, author, diplomat, once secretary to Gide and the N.R.F., internationalist, and owner of one of the largest collections of toy soldiers extant, is to lecture in your midst and elsewhere. Be sure to go. . . . The Russian Ballet had a four-night season at the Opéra, dancing Sir Thomas Beecham's arrangement of Handel, entitled "The Gods Go A-Begging.". . . Podrecca's marionettes had a short and elegant season at the Champs-Elysées, delighting little folk up to the age of ninety. . . . Chez Victor of London has, on being padlocked there, become Chez Victor of Paris. Absolutely smart. . . . Snow is knee-deep on the ski-runs in Switzerland. Sunshine is knee-deep on the tennis courts at Cannes. The winter seasons are on. —GENÊT

•

Hal Simons went to Garrison to haul out the cook for the mess. The cook came but left the same evening.

Watch Elbowoods grow.—*Elbowoods (N.D.) paper.*

Not at that rate.

Palms and Sunshine
Nothing romantic about February . . . mean clear through. ⁘ Red nose, cold hands, wet feet . . . a bite in the wind and a threat in the thaw . . . flu! ⁘ Can't run away from that menace no matter how far south you go . . . but you can sail away! . . . Why not book on the "France" for
Mediterranean and Morocco on Feb. 7th or Mar. 14th?
Clean salt air, getting warmer by the minute as she drives for Las Palmas . . . glorious sunshine at Casablanca, Gibraltar, Tunis . . . then up to Palermo, Naples and Monaco with the whole Riviera tanning by day and dancing at night. ⁘ On to Marseilles and Roman France, with second calls at Naples, Algiers and Gibraltar . . . stay over anywhere you like . . . most elastic schedule ever planned or return by way of Paris on "Ile de France" or "Paris" any time you choose. ⁘ Expensive? . . . Not necessarily. ⁘ Fares begin at $550 round trip or $275 one-way to any port.
French Line
Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Advice to Aristocrats

WE might have labelled this picture "*The Minimum Travelling Equipment of a Gentleman.*"

We didn't, because we know as well as you do that many a perfect gentleman manages to scrape along with considerably less. We shall confine ourselves to the question, "Is it *worth while* to scrape along with less?"

The full-size Oshkosh "Chief" wardrobe in the picture serves you on trips of a month or more. It has room for everything, and keeps everything perfectly pressed, and in place.

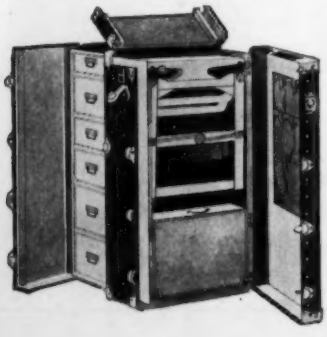
The miniature "Taxi" wardrobe is pretty nearly indispensable for trips lasting a week or a fortnight.

For overnight, the Oshkosh Suitcase is the very newest and most practical thing. The lining is *washable*. Very light, and the soul of smartness.

Not for the sake of your social status, but of your comfort, write us (addressing 471 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin) for a little book that tells more about these and other happy Oshkosh ideas. Or phone our New York office, Caledonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, *and* 8 East 34*th* St., New York City



This Oshkosh Door-Opening Wardrobe opens from the sides. One of the doors gives access to the garment hanger section, the other to the chest of drawers. Both doors swing clear of the floor by a liberal allowance and both are bolted shut by turning *one* lock. It comes in a variety of models, some covered with fibre, some with Oshkosh-Cord duck. Priced accordingly from $125 to $250.

HOCKEY

From the Ranks—Glamour

TWO hockey dates to remember are February 8 and 10, when the Canadiens play the Rangers in the Garden. It isn't often, except in a world's series, that two teams play engagements so close together, and in this case the game on the eighth is really one that was postponed because of Tex Rickard's funeral.

Leo Dandurand, who had come down from Montreal, set the new date with Colonel Hammond. He said he would bring two or three hundred of his friends in a special train to see the game, and the Colonel invited them to be his guests at the fight on the ninth. It was an expansive exchange of courtesies, somewhat in the continental manner, and also quite in the manner of Leo Dandurand, whose reputation as a promoter is second only to that of the man whose last rites he was then attending.

In Montreal Dandurand occupies much the position that Rickard did here, but with this difference: while Rickard's great group of friends was counterbalanced by a smaller but equally intense group of enemies, Dandurand, as far as I know, is on good terms with everybody connected with hockey. A handsome, well-built man, with straight features and brilliant black eyes, he is one of the few capitalists of sport who once supported themselves playing the games they now promote.

Dandurand is president of the Canadiens. In 1910 he was one of their stars. In the summers he played lacrosse with the Montreal Nationales. He saved up some money, and when he found he was losing his speed on the ice, started a dogtrack, made it pay, started others. Now the racetracks and dogtracks he owns have made him rich, but hockey is still his greatest interest; he has managed somehow to keep the team together when other clubs, making fabulous offers for Morenz and Joliat, were trying to break it up.

PERHAPS the most graceful tribute to Rickard was the game played in the Garden on the evening of the day he died. Dimmed lights, the play-

HOCKEY

Ranks—Glamour of the Pads

ing of taps, scoreboards swathed in crêpe, were forgotten easily and naturally as soon as the teams began to play, and strips of black cloth around their elbows did not prevent the players from using them in ways not sanctioned by the rules. It was the only interesting scoreless tie I ever saw. There was rarely a minute when one side or the other, usually the Rangers, was not in a position to score; for as the third period wore along the Americans were obviously not thinking of getting past Roach, but only of warding off the blue players, who came down on them in irregular, shifting formations, crossing behind each other and passing the puck out to the boards.

THAT night Rabbit McVeigh was watched more than any other Americans player—as he was later in the week against Toronto. McVeigh has made a hit with the gallery boys who booed him with such enthusiasm when he was playing for Chicago. Though not a particularly wonderful skater, McVeigh can make you think he is by his stick-work. He is sometimes razzed for showing off, but when he scores, as happens pretty often, he does it so spectacularly that he gets a bigger hand than anyone else.

A FORWARD has a better time of it than a goalie. Just before McVeigh made his score against Toronto, Burch's stick caught Lorne Chabot, the Toronto goalie, in the eye. He was hurt in somewhat the same way in the Stanley Cup series last year when Coach Lester Patrick put on his pads and got in the net himself. This time the substitute was a kid wingman named Benny Grant.

Almost every team has one forward who, in an emergency, will take a chance as goalguard. Normie Himes has done it for the Americans, Leo Bourgault for the Rangers, Alex McKinnon for the Black Hawks, Hooley Smith for the Maroons, and Manager Odie Cleghorne for Pittsburgh. The trappings of a goalie seem to attract people. Paul Whiteman has been photographed with a big stick in his hand, and a photograph, now several years old, shows even Rickard, without his big hat or cigar, and wearing a sweater, keeping goal for the Rangers during fall practice.—N. B., JR.

And now **SOCIETY PLAYS** *where Old Hawaiian Kings held gala court*

THEY ROVED FROM beach to coral beach at the royal whim. Sailed in their outrigger canoes in a pagan pageant from the Island of Gardens to the Island Where the Snow Meets the Sky. A simple palace here, in a coco-nut grove of unimaginable beauty and stillness. Another yonder, where one could lie and watch silver flying fish on a sea as colorful as the cool depths of an opal.

That was yesterday. Today, to all this native charm is added the modern luxury of world-famous palatial hotels. Smart motors ply the flowered avenues to Waikiki. Gay groups gather on the broad *lanais*. Surfboards and outrigger canoes ride the combers in thrilling races. Life and color and movement everywhere—even at midnight, when the torches of native fishermen sparkle from the distant coral reef.

Summer days are cool for golf, on a dozen courses. Yet winter days are warm in Honolulu's almost changeless climate. Within a few hours' voyage are other fascinating islands—Maui, Hawaii and Kauai—with volcanoes alive and dormant, tree fern jungles, tropical gardens, sweeping beaches, and deep iridescent canyons.

Stay long enough to see it all! Hawaii is only 2,000 miles (four to six days' delightful voyage) from the Pacific Coast; and all-inclusive tours range upward from $400 or $500 including all steamer fares, hotels and sightseeing, for a month's trip with two or three weeks ashore. De luxe accommodations, also, equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Railroad and travel agents everywhere can book you direct from home via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver. No passports or formalities — Hawaii is a U. S. Territory.

HAWAII

The **WORLD'S** *Enchanted Island Playground*

LASSCO LINE from LOS ANGELES

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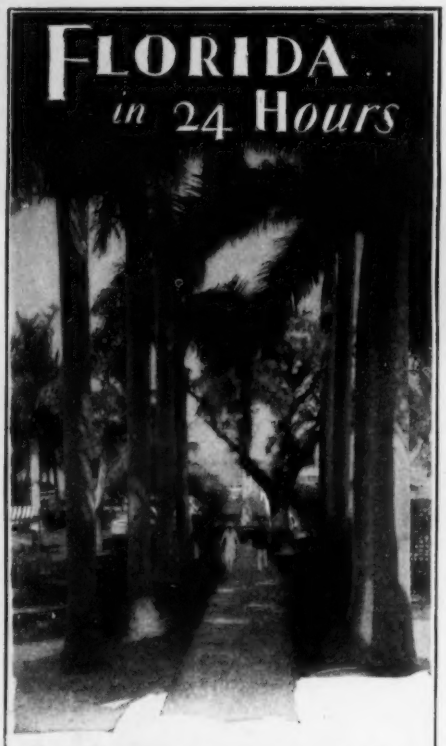

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Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South

COURT GAMES

Professionals' Field Day—With Ladies Present—Knute Rockne Takes a Lesson

THE best entertainment that squash tennis has to offer is to be found at the Shelton Club, where the professionals hold their fortnightly exhibition matches. Take the elevator up to the thirty-fourth floor some Thursday evening, but don't go unless you have reserved your seat in advance, for places at these matches get sold regardless of who is playing.

If Frank Ward, the open champion, is scheduled to appear, be sure to go. You have no idea how bewilderingly fast and spectacular a game squash tennis is until you have seen this sparely built young man raging about the court.

SINCE Walter Kinsella retired from competition, there is no player in the game who can survive against Ward. He regularly spots from three to six aces a game, and murders them. Johnny Jacobs, Rowland Dufton, Bob Cahill, and Jimmy Reid come the closest to being a match for him; but though Jacobs has the quickest hand in the game, though Dufton has perfect and fluent racquet work, though Cahill plays with sensational speed himself, and though Reid brings the house down with his trick shots and rotating backhand, none of them can stand up against the champion's speed and smashing strokes.

Last week he played Leo Collins, Kinsella's assistant at the Fraternity Club. Within the last two years Collins has developed to the point where he ranks close to Cahill and the other leaders, yet Ward conceded him six aces and beat him 15-10, 15-7, 15-7. Collins' game was really great squash at times, but his speed played right into the hands of Ward. Whether you hit them hard or soft, the result is always the same when he is your opponent.

THESE exhibitions were started in the fall of 1927. They were sponsored by Charles N. Edge, Jr., of the Apawamis Club, now a member of the Fraternity team, who guaranteed the professionals a certain sum in case the matches did not draw. Mr. Edge has been enthusiastic about the game since he came over from England, and you will invariably find him sitting in the centre of the front row at the Shelton Club. You can't miss him, for he is a giant of a man.

So far as I know, he hasn't had to do any underwriting this season; the matches have been well patronized.

The galleries at the exhibitions differ from those at the amateur matches in that there are almost as many women present as there are men, and some come in evening dress. At the amateur games only men are in the gallery. It is possibly because of this difference in galleries that the professionals make a much nattier appearance than the amateurs do. Some of the latter look positively sloppy by comparison.

These matches have given the professionals a chance to improve their games, for until they were started the coaches were seldom seen in competition except at the open championship. A number of fine-looking young players have come to light in them, among whom are Tom Iannicelli, of the Essex Club of Newark, and Bill Owens, of the Elizabeth Town and Country Club.

Charles Costello, who formerly assisted Reid at the Crescent A. C., has been making a good showing in these affairs. He is now the head coach of the new Block Hall Club downtown. Cahill, Kinsella's right-hand man, has succeeded Frank Disalvo as head coach at the Park Avenue Squash Club, while Collins has received the promotion he deserves at Fraternity. Al Walker has left the Shelton Club to take charge at the Apawamis Club in Rye, which has recently constructed some splendid new courts.

SEEN, AND ALSO HEARD: Knute Rockne playing squash ten-

Seen at Reuben's

SOMEONE is forever giving us food for thought (a perfectly obvious opening for a pun, so we *won't* crack it)—but when we overheard HELEN MENKEN say, "Reuben's, the great leveler", after slowly gazing around the tables, we cogitated the while. Come to think of it—*it's so*—for night after night, after theatre, high-hatting Manhatters catch the Spirit of Reuben's two seconds after they sit down . . . joyously discarding the dark-hued taste of an indifferent first night for the flavorous, piquant-tasting viands that belong so inescapably to Reuben's.

* * *

BETWEEN dashes to the Chef's Paradise, watching His Honor concoct every dish with the affection, devotion and sublime care so necessary to Reuben's food, we managed to spy GROUCHO MARX. Sans mustache, sans goggles, there he was almost unrecognizably clean-shaven and debonair, festively drowning all thoughts of jungle cannibalism in the less carnivorous but more delightful consumption of a Manhattan Club Dinner, with its filet mignon in sauce that only Reuben seems to be able to coax into being, mushrooms and vegetables still sweet and wet with dew.

* * *

THE apt analogy between the never-fading loveliness of NORMA TALMADGE and the never-fading brilliance of a Reuben's crowd at most any hour you care to name, just escapes us. And after seeing Miss Talmadge figuratively stepping right off the boat into Reuben's it suddenly occurred to us that one can always see one's fill of the town's most interesting people at Reuben's just as surely as Walter Winchell orders onion soup.

REUBEN'S

***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

nis with Walter Kinsella at the Fraternity Club. . . . Kinsella manhandling him in pointing out his position in the court. . . . Rockne liking the game and telling Jimmy Carolan he is going to build some squash-tennis courts at Notre Dame. . . . The squash-tennis pros all smiles as a result. . . . The squash-racquets pros not so delighted.—A. D.

•

SYLVIA IN HEAVEN

She has loved only
Glitter of light.
Will she be desolate
In the great night?

Or will the angels
Bear there to bloom
Merciful candles
To whiten her room!

Will there be down
For the little gold head
That in justice should sleep
Upon nettles instead!

She has walked always
Clad in the grace
Of quick-glowing velvet,
Of ermine and lace,

And harshly indeed
Would her sinful heart fare
If they should give her
Homespun to wear.

She has no hardihood
Yet to endure
The rigors of God
That would render her pure.

She has forgotten
The prayers she must pray
Whose lips have had only
Bright words to say.

Her feet that are languid
Would bleed in the bone
Should she go barefoot
The way to the Throne.

Let Peter abate
Her penance awhile,
Breaking his heart
On her innocent smile.

And let the dear Mary,
Tender of soul,
Grant her one lover
For sake of her dole.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

The other night after theater we noted: Fay Bainter, Vincent Lopez, Morris Gest, Al Jolson, Ann Pennington. —*Reuben's adv., Jan. 5.*

Honeymooning on Waikiki Beach, Honolulu. Season's Greetings. Al Jolson.—*Adv. in Variety, Jan. 2.*

To your favorite Hotel add

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN

EVEN in midwinter balmy weather prevails in the lee of majestic Cheyenne Mountain—at Broadmoor. A remarkable highway (open every day last year) zigzags to the top, where the view rivals that from neighboring Pikes Peak, accessible only in summer. At the quaint summit inn you can have delicious food and sleep in luxury, to see the spectacular glories of sunrise.

Throughout the year The Broadmoor—a truly *fine* hotel—offers horses, motors, fascinating golf, swimming, greenhouses, dancing—and metropolitan service that will satisfy the most fastidious taste.

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Famous transatlantic liner Caronia, 31,155 tons, newly remodelled with first-class service of Cunard's Transatlantic standards. Hot and cold running water in every room . . . all beds, no berths, many rooms with private baths. Glass-enclosed deck . . . charming lounges . . . verandah café . . . Advance hotel reservations in Havana. Special 13-day all-expense tours.
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Furnished suites cost from 2 guineas a day. Single bedrooms with private bathroom from one guinea. These prices are absolutely inclusive.

The service, food and wines of Grosvenor House are perfect. It is ideal for banquets and public or private dances of any size.

Early this year Grosvenor House Club, the finest sports club in the world, will be opened under the Presidency of Lord Wodehouse. It will include a swimming bath, gymnasium, four squash courts, one specially reserved for ladies, Turkish baths and a great ice rink.

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Telephone: Grosvenor 6363. Cables and Telegrams: "Grovhows" Audley.

BRINGING HER OUT

IF I had a daughter I should think twice before introducing her to society. Of course, I would have to start my thinking as soon as the little girl was born, for nowadays the ballrooms of the best hotels are engaged many, many years ahead; and unless I had exercised the forethought to hire the Ritz a long time in advance (or, if not the Ritz, then Sherry's, Pierre's, etc.), I would find myself on the eve of my daughter's début with no place to bring her out, and she would probably have to stay in.

Granted, however, that I had sewed up the Ritz ballroom for the evening of December 21, 1953, and that my daughter had successfully weathered her first twenty-one years of life (including Miss Chapin's, Farmington, and a year in Europe), and granted, of course, that she *was* a daughter and not a son, then my worries would only be beginning. For even though the coming-out party had been nicely arranged, there would still be no certainty that anyone could be induced to attend it. For one thing, my daughter might be unattractive: in fact, without any false modesty, I can state it as my personal conviction that she undoubtedly *would* be unattractive.

An unattractive débutante is three times as hard to float as an attractive one, and consequently this is where ingenuity must be called into play. I understand from the casual remarks of young dancing men that the main incentive to their attending parties is the quality and the quantity of the champagne which is served. Well, in that case, I would offer them only the best, and plenty of it. There would be a quart of champagne at every plate for dinner and a magnum for each young man at supper.

HOLD on, though: there are other things to be thought of. There are, for instance, the six rival parties which are being held that same evening, all of them in desperate competition with mine and with each other. How lure their guests to the Ritz, and keep them there?

Well, it could be very simply done. I would arrange (through bountiful tips) that all the lights in Sherry's, Pierre's, the Plaza, the Ambassador, the Park Lane, and the Colony Club should suddenly go out at ten-thirty in the evening. At the same time, the orchestras ensconced therein would pack up their instruments and with-

draw. Cleaning women would immediately enter and start scrubbing the floors, and the disappointed guests, finding no outlet for their activities, would string over to my place—not, however, without having taken a look at all the other places.

IT has been brought to my attention that at these parties it is customary to serve not only dinner for your more intimate friends, but also supper and a hearty breakfast of scrambled eggs, rolls, and coffee for everybody. Well, I would outdo all previous affairs. I would serve a luncheon, too: a luncheon that started at eleven the next morning and continued until five; and if, at that time, there were still some people about, I would give them a high tea. I should never allow it to be said of me that I was a piker.

The music would consist of all the most popular orchestras (brought over from the other parties as soon as the lights went out), with the addition of a string quartet and the entire personnel of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, including soloists. They would play just as loudly as possible, and without pause.

As for decorations, there would probably be decorations, but only of a movable character, so that those who felt like it could detach them from the walls and ceiling and throw them about, thus permitting no possible doubt in the minds of the guests that they were having a good time.

At the entrance to the ballroom there would be three dignified social secre-

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Bienvenue à Québec

FETE DE NUIT

ushers in February

at old QUEBEC

Bong! That's the signal-cannon of Québec's Night Festival crashing off. Whuff! That's the red fire lighting up the snow. Rockets, Roman candles flash everywhere. Bright-clad snowshoers attack the grim old walls . . . the soldiery of the garrison defend them bravely. Cannon flash and thunder from the bastions...blank charges, of course. *Feux d'artifice* light up the winter night sky for miles. Hand-to-hand fighting with Roman candles can be a very peppy sport!... For half an hour the mimic fight is hot. Then, out sally the soldiery, make the besiegers prisoners of war, and parade them grandly through the streets of the ancient Norman town. The Fête de Nuit ends at the Chateau, with banquets and dances and gaiety far into morning.

Come, this year!...for the jolliest night of your life, and a memory of unforgettable beauty forever.

$75 can cover a Friday-Tuesday week-end. Through Pullmans nightly from New York. Other winter sports, ski-ing skating, tobogganing, sleighing...instructors if desired. Information and reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., N.Y.; or write Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Can.

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HAVANA 10 to 17 Days
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All Expenses $275 up
European life and color amid the relics of ancient civilizations. Shore visits at Havana, side trip to Merida, sight-seeing trips in Mexico City included.
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At Cost and Below!
All Prices Are Considerably Below Wholesale!

MAXON'S, 11 EAST 36TH ST.

taries with a list of guests which coincided with the telephone directory. In case any young man turned up whose name was not on the list, other telephone directories would be produced and thumbed through until his identity (or that of some mysterious person with whom he professed to have come) had been checked. At about twelve o'clock, the list would be thrown on the floor in a pile and set fire to, the guests gathering about the flames and joining hands in an impromptu snake-dance.

It all sounds like a very good party, and I am sure everyone would have a fine time. My daughter, of course, being the hostess, would not be recognized by any of the guests, and consequently would be cut in on every three steps.

And yet, when I reflect on the expense and the trouble and the inconvenience of bringing a girl out these days, I doubt if I could go through with it. Probably, on the night of my daughter's scheduled début, I would lock her in the closet and try to forget all about it. —NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

•

THE BOSS TELEPHONES

MR. A. M. FULLER: Get me Mr. Parkins, of C. W. Parkins, Incorporated, Boston, on the phone, and don't bother me till you've got him.

UNDERLING: Yes, sir. *(Looks up number, calls operator, gets Long Distance, gives number and name of Mr. Parkins.)*

LONG DISTANCE: We will call you.

(Curtain falls to indicate the passing of fifteen minutes.)

UNDERLING *(telephoning)*: How about that long distance call?

OPERATOR: I will give you Long Distance.

LONG DISTANCE: Long Distance.

• •

UNDERLING: How about that call for Parkins, Boston?
LONG DISTANCE: We are trying to complete your call.
SECRETARY TO MR. PARKINS: Hello?
LONG DISTANCE: New York calling Mr. Parkins.
SECRETARY: Who wants him?
(Long Distance eventually gets and delivers this information.)
LONG DISTANCE: Trying to locate your party.
SECRETARY: Mr. A. M. Fuller calling from New York.
MR. PARKINS: Is he on the wire?
SECRETARY: No. Shall I tell them you will talk to him?
MR. PARKINS: Yes. But don't bother me till he's on the wire. I'm busy.
LONG DISTANCE: Trying to locate your party.
UNDERLING: How about that call?
SECRETARY: Mr. Parkins is ready to speak to Mr. Fuller.
UNDERLING: Is he on the wire?
SECRETARY: No, but I'll get him for you. Just a minute.
UNDERLING *(to Mr. Fuller):* Mr. Parkins is ready to talk to you.
MR. FULLER: Hello? Hello?
SECRETARY: Just a minute.
LONG DISTANCE: Trying to locate your party.
MR. FULLER *(slamming down receiver):* I told you not to bother me till you had him on the wire.
UNDERLING: Hello? Hello?
MR. PARKINS: Hello? Hello?
UNDERLING: Just a minute. Mr. Fuller wants to speak to you.
MR. PARKINS *(after waiting a moment, to Secretary):* I told you not to bother me till you had him on the wire. *(Slams down receiver.)*
SECRETARY: Hello? Hello?
UNDERLING: Hello? Hello?
LONG DISTANCE: Trying to locate your party.
SECRETARY AND UNDERLING: Yes, and make it snappy.

(Curtain)

—SIGMUND SPAETH

•

A ROGUISH THOUGHT FOR EARLY MORNING

[*Postcard from a Lexington Avenue florist*]

DO YOU REGULARLY HAVE CARNATIONS ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE? Probably not —they're *so* expensive. And yet, a spicy-odored carnation, smiling roguishly over the coffee cups, is an invitation to start the day right.

JUST TO BE SURE

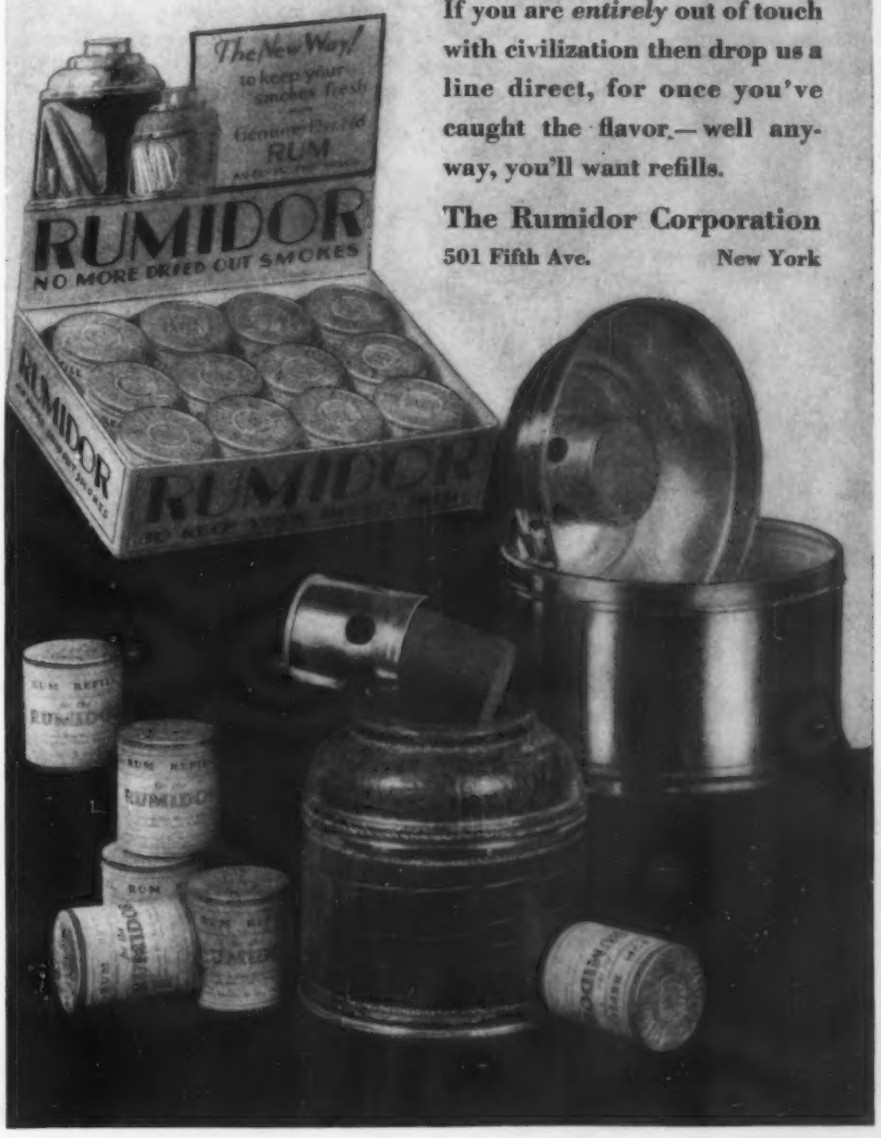
If you are one of the lucky ones who has just acquired a Rumidor or two, here's a bit of information you'll welcome.

The genuine 12 year old Rum that moistens and mellows your smokes so wonderfully, is really the *genuine* article. Of course it's especially solidified by a patented process all our own.

It may also relieve your mind to know that Rum Refills can be purchased at all the best stores in town or out. And a handsome variety of Rumidors in special sizes for cigars, cigarettes or pipe tobacco. The most convenient way to keep yourself stocked with refills for several months is to purchase four for a dollar next time you're in your favorite shop.

If you are *entirely* out of touch with civilization then drop us a line direct, for once you've caught the flavor.—well anyway, you'll want refills.

The Rumidor Corporation
501 Fifth Ave. New York



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

EVERYTHING runs in great swoops in New York City. First, all the department stores and small shops have enticing sales. Then, they all leap about and ask you to come in and see Paris imports on the same afternoon. One minute they dolefully claim that there is no fashion news, and the next they are calling you up to say that they are sponsoring the "new vogue of sunburn." At present, the have-you-heard brigade is concerned chiefly with the following problems: (1) Printed dresses at this time of year. These have been glimpsed under the fur coats of terribly smart women here and there, and look very well. Only the most chic people have been seen in them so far. (2) Flat crêpe evening dresses. Why a mode so eminently suitable and intrinsically smart hasn't been talked about before is beyond me, but everyone is all agog. If your face and figure are good, nothing is better, since it does not detract from your natural beauties. (3) Browns for the South, combined with yellows and oranges. Pumpkin orange for anywhere. (4) Off-white satin evening and day dresses, an old cry. The only trouble with this in my own case is that whenever I wear that little eggshell white, some dear girl in dead white clings to me all evening and frank friends ask me why I don't send that old rag to the cleaner.

These general bits of philosophy are in the air, in the midst of the January sale rush and the patient waiting for arrivals from the late January Paris collections. Palm Beach (to which, apparently, ninety per cent of New York City goes every year) is still the big news. The unlucky ten per cent might clip this for next May, when everything will be cheaper.

SOUTHBOUND voyagers of the refined, cool type should go at once to Bonwit Teller, which has a particularly good collection of the type of thing known to the trade as Spectator Fashions, being a slightly elaborated version of the tennis dress, the golf suit, and so on. This shop has, for instance, an ensemble consisting of a dress and three-quarter coat of white crêpe de Chine, both of them discreetly quilted. There are lovely handkerchief-linen dresses. Hand-knit lace dresses for older women, in lovely colors. Dresses of a basketweave wool so light as to be almost transparent. White crêpe de Chine dresses with the V-neck and the sleeves finished by crocheted silk bands an inch wide, in color.

Bathing things there are fun. In the first place, Bonwit Teller has collared numbers of huge Mexican sombreros for the beach, following the Riviera fashion for huge hats and practically nothing else. You are certain to buy one (they cost about seventy-five cents) and worry later about where to pack it. There is Patou's sunburn suit with V-shoulder straps. And a yellow jersey swimming suit with pleated tunic skirt in brilliant orange, and a cape, with orange pleating at the bottom, to match. Swimming suits of shaded colors in zigzag pattern have jersey burnouse capes worn with them. A very elaborate jersey ensemble starts off with a low-backed white abbreviation, adds a long-sleeved black jumper for those who want to avoid sunburn, and puts a white coat with a black monogram over all. There are also beach capes of jersey with great squares in contrasting color applied on them, and very nice ones of terry cloth in brilliant colors, cut with raglan sleeves, and very shipshape.

Pajamas for dinner have been talked about a good deal and I am one who claims loudly that they will not be done in town except by informal hostesses. In vacation resorts, the fashion may very possibly be adopted. I suggest looking at a satin suit with wide trousers and a short double-breasted jacket and a three-quarter velvet coat to match, so as not to be caught unawares by your fashionable friends.

AT Best, where the misses' evening-dress department is doing all sorts of things that are new, you may find a fine example of the flat crêpe evening-dress vogue mentioned earlier. This is

"Haven't you one with a bigger woof?"

RCA

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ELECTRO-DYNAMIC SPEAKER 106
—A new power-operated reproducer of remarkable range and tone. Ideal to use with Radiola 60. $88

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Music by
DICK GASPARRE
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·THE· PARK·AVENUE GALLERIES·

ENSEMBLIERS FOR THE ELITE

Announce the opening of a Succursale de Luxe, of the Galleries near the principal entrance of 277 Park Avenue, where under the supervision of Prince George Scherbatoff, silver by JEAN PUIFORCAT, cabinet work by LEON JALLOT, metal work by JEAN DUNAND and EDGAR BRANDT are exhibited.

·THE· PARK·AVENUE GALLERIES·

277 PARK AVENUE

BLOW HOT . . .
BLOW COLD

But be sure to 'blow' into the WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT, where every requirement can be supplied . . . sweaters, sports costumes of wool and warmth for those who are braving the winter up North. Chiffon and lace dance frocks, the latest Modern designs in beach and morning dresses . . . hats, negligees, lingerie and slippers with all the important accessories to accompany them for the Lady who is Going South. . . . And those who are about to be married NOW or AGAIN can leave their order for the trousseaux, with the assurance that nowhere in Paris can a more delicate, fanciful, charming array of garments be made for them.

Fine Repairing and Mending of every description is done here by expert needle-women.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK
541 Madison Avenue New York

a Vionnet, perfectly plain save for the diagonal stitching in front, the back crossing surplice fashion and ending in a bow just below the normal waistline. You may also find there a dress of printed flat crêpe that has the effect of printed moire without its stiffness—this having a black ground with formal green and orange floral patterns all over it. Printed chiffon is placed over taffeta to give this supple fabric a substantiality it never had before. All of them are worth looking into.

If you are going to get into the swim and wear prints now, look at a Vionnet dress with crisscross hand-fagotting on the blouse and a pleated skirt attached that is selling for $49.50. This in a small all-over print that is suitable under a fur coat now or with a furpiece later. Another dress, two-piece this time, has a jumper shirred straight up the front, the shirring reappearing on the skirt. This may be had in print or in a brilliant plain color, and is one of the most successful crêpe dresses I have seen in a long time.

Southern notes: French handmade dresses of the traditional crêpe de Chine and hemstitching, sleeveless this year and adorable. . . . Quilted calico coats in bright colors for young things. . . . $4.75 straw hats with widish brims *pour tout le monde*. . . . Tennis dress of Chinese damask with a tiny pinhole design—the latest excitement, positively. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

French Practicality and Synthetic Sunburns

Mme. Collart, at 21 East Fifty-fourth Street, specializes, as you know, in exquisite French lingerie of the dainty and yet simple type, although she is eminently practical in all her things. In boudoir pillows, for instance, she holds no brief for the frilly, lacy type that leaves an impress on your fevered cheek. Perfectly simple things of handkerchief linen and of crêpe de Chine, with real lace at each end, are more in her line and are restful as well as decorative. She also has enchanting silk sheets, made of heavy crêpe de Chine in pastel colors, that are hand-hemstitched and come in single or double sizes. These, incidentally, would be a lovely gift for someone having a picturesque convalescence.

Collart also has that rarest rara avis, sleeping pajamas that neither fall into the heavy masculine style nor indulge in fluffy ruffles. Hers are of crêpe de Chine, two-piece and simply tailored, with hand-hemstitching around the necks and sleeves. Beautifully finished and thoroughly feminine.

AT this time, it seems that anyone who walks into a smart shop without a good tan, even if she is known never to see sunlight, is likely to be treated with fearful contempt. She will also be accused of looking rather anemic for any dress she happens to fancy. Therefore, the thing to go and do is to get sunburned, and the new Salon Bertie, which recently opened at 695 Fifth Avenue, is as good a choice as I can think of.

In the first place, it is decorated by Lescaze, which ought to improve your aesthetic sense. In the second, besides the facial and manicure rooms, there is a *chambre solaire*, where mercury lights that are intensified sunlight will tan your skin to any shade desired. A really authentic tan that comes on easily enough to be painless (and also makes your first exposure to real sunlight safe and easy) can be achieved in six treatments, for $18. Single treatments are $3.50.

In the facial rooms, operators will show you the makeup suitable for your new complexion, and will undoubtedly sell you a bottle of Bertie's famous Lotion Solaire, a liquid sunburn coating that is now available in three shades. They claim this does not come off on your partner's dinner coat, so it may be used lavishly.

Bertie facials are delightful anyway, and the preparations are grand to use —particularly that rich, thick, creamy Lait D'Oesype cleansing stuff that is not greasy and yet creeps into the pores and cleans them thoroughly. It is particularly good for warm weather, since heat will not mar the effect you have achieved with it.

IF you want to get your tan in the privacy of your own boudoir, Altman has an affair called the Lampette that sends forth ultra-violet rays from a quartz mercury-tube vapor lamp and gives you a nice glow and, eventually, a tan. The box is about twelve inches high and ten deep, may be plugged into any direct-current light socket, and costs $100. You may either sit near it and tan yourself in two sections, or stand farther away and get it all at once

Why did the great couturier LELONG create perfumes?

. . . that scent might be so subtly interwoven with style as to become part of the very essence of style. A Lelong conception, of course; it could come from no other.

You will find Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions and other produits de beauté at leading department stores and exclusive perfume shops.

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Toward Adventure . . .
"Nowhere else such complete seclusion, such perfect relaxation."

In the busy New York lives of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lawson their Elco Forty-Two is an easily accessible refuge from intrusion of any kind.*

TWO o'clock on Saturday—sometimes six o'clock on Friday night—usually finds Mr. and Mrs. Lawson stepping happily aboard the Spud II at the New York Yacht Club station. Fifteen minutes later they are under way . . . brass and copper agleam, bunting alive in the breeze. And whichever way the Spud II's compass points, their destination is always the same—straight on toward adventure, away from care.

No telephones . . . no difficult-to-refuse invitations . . . no servants . . . Only a few moments by motor from the city, and the Spud II offers complete seclusion . . . a quiet interlude in the staccato of New York life as welcome to Mrs. Lawson as to her husband.

With galley equipment that is a miracle of convenience, and sleeping quarters for six, the Lawson cruiser simplifies amazingly for its busy owners the problem of entertaining a wide circle of friends, and the uniform alacrity with which its invitations are accepted leaves no doubt as to the success of its easy-going hospitality. Somehow or other, Mrs. Lawson explains, the responsibility seems to rest at first with the Spud II—and later to be blown entirely away in the informal comradeship of sea air and open sky . . .

Up the river into the Sound and along the North Shore . . . only as far as Hempstead Harbor, perhaps, to anchor for the night. Or through the Harbor into Great South Bay—and on the next day to the Hamptons. Sometimes, when there is time, to Block Island, or through the Harlem and up the Hudson, under Bear Mountain Bridge to Cold Spring, to Kingston Point, to Albany.

In 1927 a vacation cruise to Chesapeake Bay . . . without question, Mrs. Lawson says, the most delightful trip she ever took . . . Day after leisurely day the stimulating joy of travel, with none of its inconveniences and extravagance — mile after mile the delight of an ever-varying scene, in the undisturbed comfort of their compact little home on the water.

• • •

The history of every Elco boat is as thrillingly individual as the man who owns it. For each owner finds in the opportunity for independent voyaging a constant stimulation and a challenge and each responds in a characteristic way.

At Port Elco, where we will be glad to receive you at any time, you can get right aboard a Forty-Two (or any other model on display) and make your own tour of inspection. Or we will send you Catalog NY on request.

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The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $15,500; Fifty, $25,500.

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

*Although this is the bonafide story of an Elco, we have used fictitious names.

at a slower rate. My personal reaction to these devices is swell, but I am no expert and it is up to you to find out what your own physician thinks about them. Mine uses one. —L. L.

•

HOW TO PASS TIME

In a Subway Station

TAKE out a hundred pins. Close your eyes and drop them one by one. How many can you hear? Walk over to the newsstand. Look through the periodicals. How long is it before the vendor protests? How many publications have you read by that time? How much did you save?

Weigh yourself on half the scales. Try guessing your weight on the other half. Why do you lose or gain in different parts of the station? Are any pennies returned to you? Do your weighing adventures make you think of your butcher? Do you think he gets away with anything? Have you ever weighed yourself on your butcher's scales?

Step into one of the doorless phone booths and ask for a number. How long does it take the operator to understand you? How long does it take you to understand what she answers? Why is it that they enclose the telephone booths in the quietest communities and keep them open in the subway?

Look about for your favorite newspaper. Try the paper receptacle as a last resort. If you were to find the paper, would it make you feel cheap to pick it up? Would you pick it up, anyway?

Watch the nickels dropped in the turnstiles. If you did see a fake coin dropped in, what could you do about it? What would you dare to do about it? What would you actually do about it?

Look through the passing trains for people you know. —Jose Schorr

•

STORM AT SEA TAKES NERVES OF STEEL —This remarkable picture snapped on bridge of R. M. S. Aquitania during stormy night. Second Officer Sorrell is on watch. Thousands of lives are in his safe-keeping. "On the sea you never know when you may need nerves of steel," he said, when asked what cigarette he smoked. "That's why I always recommend Tareytons for the man or woman who smokes a lot, as I do."—*From a Tareyton cigarette adv.*

To think we once offered the captain of the Leviathan a Camel!

THE MOTOR BOAT SHOW

An Amphibious Kitchenette—Particular Profiles
—Seated in Pairs and Sheltered from Breezes

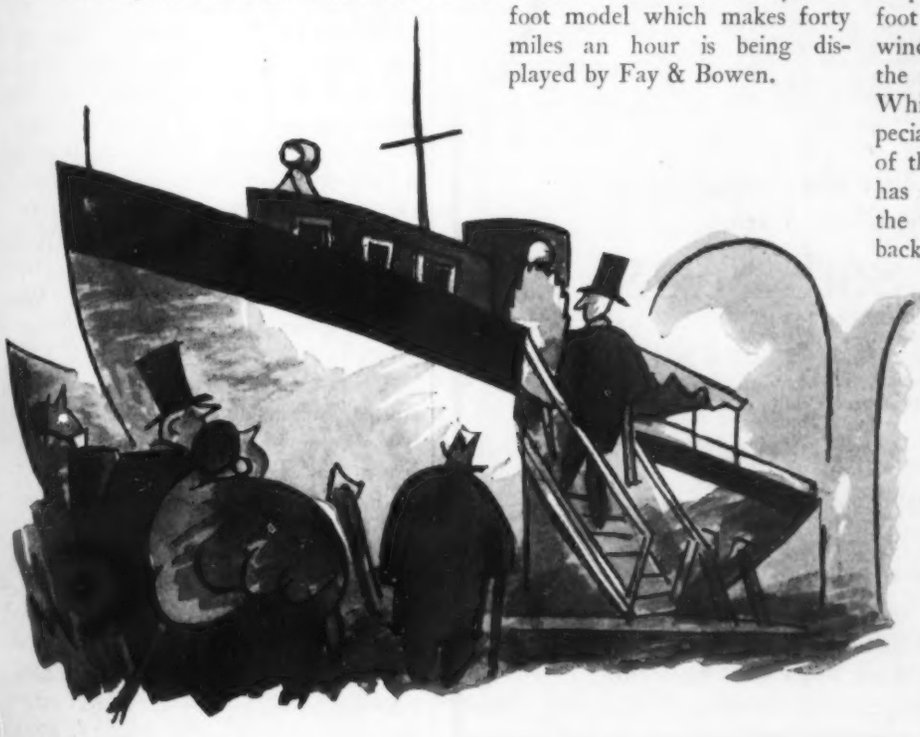
FORECASTING, though decorously, many radical changes in the world of water craft, the Motor Boat Show at the Grand Central Palace, January 18-26, gives us for the first time the promise that the manufacturers of pleasure boats will break away from tradition.

That changes in the designs of hulls will be made has, of course, been clear for several years, since the records made by flat-bottomed craft have proved that the V-hull is not necessarily the speedier. We had begun to assume that yachtsmen did not see the significance of this discovery, and that the flat bottom would be used only by professional wearers of oilskins. The Sea Sled Corporation, however, has put an end to that assumption with its new Model 18 for outboard motors, which has a sliding cabin that can be placed forward next to the windshield, or aft, or left ashore. This affair has a kitchenette, a grub locker, and a lavatory.

IN the bodies of the current models one notes the continued influence of the automobile. At the Show there are some two hundred boats by sixty-three builders, with at least a half of the craft suggesting a motor car by having the driver's seat and an automobile windshield forward.

Desiring to hold fast to the supposed conveniences of motor-vehicle practice, the designers are nevertheless paying more attention to the silhouettes of their yachts. In this connection we note especially the cruiser Newport, from the yards of Staples, Johnson & Company. The upper half, or cabin, extends almost from stem to stern, its shape being rather like that of a flat-sided torpedo. A long, oval, horizontal window occupies most of the forward half of the cabin wall. The rear half has three rectangular windows, each faintly arched at the top. The length is thirty-four feet; the price, $6,950.

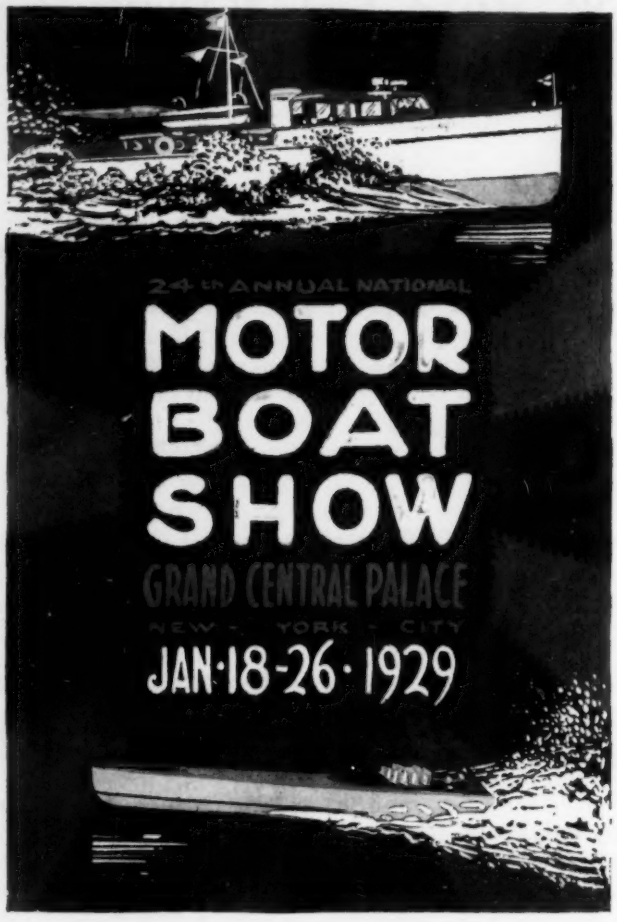
ALWAYS one who liked to slip off to the forward part of the deck, away from it all, we deplore the modern runabout design with its windshield and driver placed right up in the nose of the ship. For less querulous people, however, the Show provides an excellent range of craft. Penn Yan is displaying a trim white affair with two seats and two windshields, like a sport phaeton. Howard W. Lyon offers an amusing series of Sea-Lyon runabouts —speedy, high-powered, and set low in the water. A new twenty-one-foot model which makes forty miles an hour is being displayed by Fay & Bowen.



Meteor's new runabout—twenty-seven feet long—is built of mahogany, holds eight persons, and does thirty miles an hour. Chris-Craft, one of the most insistent adapters of automobile mannerisms, offers a twenty-six-foot speedboat of the runabout type which has a mahogany cabin built like a sedan body. Gar Wood, who also shows the influence of Detroit, offers "limousines," "sedans," and the like. The Baby Gar "30," infant of this line, is a twenty-eight-foot runabout, powered by Chrysler and priced by Wood at $2,950. You may have it in mahogany or—significant fact—in colors.

THOSE who use sea-craft as an incidental diversion on the Sound or the Great South Bay will find a satisfactory range of moderately priced high-speed vehicles among the sleds, skiffs, runabouts, and just plain rowboats, pushed by outboard motors. Here we have the tiller-controlled Bossert Junior Pirate, a flat-bottomed bullet fourteen feet long and held together with twenty-eight hundred brass screws. The Chase-Emerson runabout type outboard has a V-hull, two seats, and a windshield. Ludington's Flash IV is shaped somewhat like a flounder. Fairchild offers five shapes of outboard boats. The sixteen-foot Dee Wite, a blunt craft, has a windshield, and a place for carrying the motor inboard at the stern. The White "step" hydroplane has an especially low bow with the rear half of the hull stepped upward. Mullins has a neatly designed steel boat with the two seats forward placed back to back. The Curtis thirteen-foot hydro is entirely mahogany. The Debasco is a broad-beamed twelve-foot play-boat especially good for squally waters. Evinrude, Johnson, and other outboard engine manufacturers are all represented by exhibits.

IN the ample display of cruisers from the hands of more than a dozen makers, one notes that there has been more adherence to traditional yachting design. Banfield's "32" is a neat fast cruiser with a clapboarded hull, a semi-glassed-in cabin, and (a



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15-room Duplex Apartments

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novelty for this type of boat) a seat for two in the bow.

As well as at the Deed, the Hill, and the Cummins Diesel-engine exhibits, oil power may be seen used in the Humphreys' cruiser called the 43 Navigator. Here we have a complete boat, Diesel-equipped, which in test runs has been operated by fuel oil at the low cost of three and a half cents a mile. Since the entire length is forty-two and one-half feet, and the beam eleven feet, its economical qualities are clearly worth a second thought. Our special approval goes to the fact that the headroom in the cabin of this ship is six feet two.

Matthews shows a thirty-two-foot Speed Cruiser which will go over twenty-two miles an hour, has a Kermath motor, and displays a glassed-in cabin designed somewhat along the lines of a Mercedes-Benz. Elco exhibits six boats ranging in price from $2,975 to $25,500. Incidentally, the cruisers of this house have excellently arranged interiors.

A. C. F. makes some concession to the vogue of the moment by providing a cruiser-runabout which steers at the bow and has a seven-passenger cabin in the stern (seven by day, two at night). Another new offering in this line is the "40" cruiser which has sleeping accommodations for a half dozen and crew, and all the equipment to care for you on that trip to Florida. Hacker has a twenty-six-footer with a Kermath engine, built to go forty-four miles an hour.

Wheeler's Playmate is an interesting affair with its high cabin giving the boat an unusual profile. Luders specializes in building from blueprints to suit your whim. Dawn is showing a forty-five-footer with enlarged kitchen arrangements and a fifty per cent bigger fuel tank than was on its previous model of this size. The price is $15,900. Fleetwing displays two double-cabin cruisers with Buda engines.

Chris-Craft's thirty-eight-foot Commuter, built to do thirty miles an hour, has several unusual features: basically it is an old-style cabin cruiser, but to it have been added two cross-seats set forward behind a windshield. The driver's seat is above and behind the cabin, sheltered by another windshield.

In conclusion, we wish to bow to Richardson, which is displaying a line of cruisabouts with neat white-painted interiors in the good old cabinish manner.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

THE AMATEUR GADGETEER

WITH the holiday season three weeks past Mr. Edgell had about gone through his presents; all that remained was an odd-looking gadget of nickel, which bore the cryptic stamp, "Griffo-W128. Pat. 1927." Mr. Edgell didn't know what it was meant for. He had been baffled by it ever since Christmas morning, when it had arrived from the Dillards, along with some handkerchiefs of a sort of bleached burlap, and a tie.

The butler had suggested that it might be some new doodad for a radio, but when Mr. Edgell had attempted to force it into an open space in his outfit he had broken two tubes. Later he had thought that it might be a new kind of mousetrap, but when he baited it with cheese and set it out no mice got caught in it. He even suspected they were using it to crack Brazil nuts. Although Mrs. Edgell had ventured innumerable opinions as to what it might be, they had all been sharply rejected by Mr. Edgell.

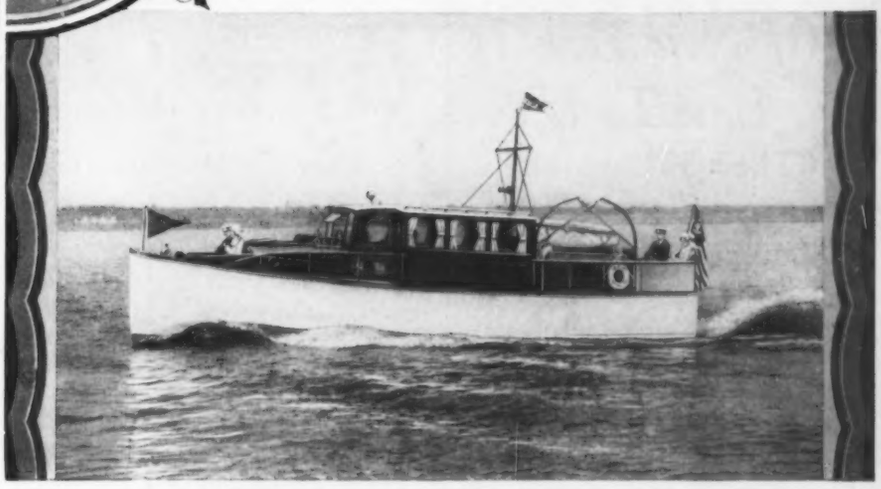
"Well, my goodness, Elmer," she said one night, after Mr. Edgell had been fussing over the thing for two weeks, "why don't you just ask Mr. Dillard what it is? I can't see why you want to worry yourself blue in the face when all you have to do is ask him."

"I won't ask him," declared Mr. Edgell. "It's probably something simple. When I find out what it is I'll probably feel like kicking myself for not knowing it." After a pause he said happily, "Maybe it's something for a bottle!"

"Humf," said Mrs. Edgell. Nevertheless Mr. Edgell tried it on bot-

A SPORTSMAN'S IDEAL

. . . for him who knows the thrill of an answering helm and of nights and days of luxurious contentment



TRULY SENSATIONAL is "The Forty," newest addition to the A. C. F. fleet for 1929; a cruiser which the seasoned sportsman instantly recognizes as a model of ingenious design for his complete comfort and pleasure.

Within its forty feet of graceful length are embodied an astonishing number of conveniences which are possible only in a craft designed by marine engineers so eminent as Eldredge-McInnis of Boston.

A raised and completely enclosed bridge-deck affords a clear view by day and at night is convertible into a most delightful lounge where radio and cards help to entertain one's guests.

Five and crew sleep aboard in the greatest comfort. There are two lavatories and many other conveniences, surprising in a cruiser of so really reasonable a price.

In the completely appointed galley, the seafaring owner may, if he chooses, broil his freshly-caught mackerel as only an owner can. But, even if someone else prepares your meals, they taste as no other food ever possibly can.

Lastly, and probably most important of all, there are ample lockers for stowing such necessities of life as fishing-tackle, guns, golf clubs, and sufficient changes of apparel. We may add, in passing, that the ice-box is commodious.

The A. C. F. "Forty" will successfully match its seaworthiness against a Caribbean squall, yet it is so responsive to the helm that it may be navigated in the narrowest inland waters. Judged by any standard, it is superb.

Interesting details will be mailed without obligation. Just write to American Car and Foundry Company, A. C. F. Marine Salon, 217 West 57th Street, New York. Other show rooms at: Boston—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue. Detroit—A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue. Cleveland—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Avenue, Lakewood. San Francisco—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building. Philadelphia—Universal Service Motors Co., Broad and Wood Streets. Chicago—Ward A. Robinson, 58 E. Washington Street. West Palm Beach Representative—Mr. C. P. Whitney. Wilmington, Del.—American Car and Foundry Company.

a.c.f. cruisers

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Broadway At Warren · Cortlandt St. At Church
Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
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tles. The result was that broken glass got into two quarts of his best Scotch.

IN the end he gave up trying to solve the mystery, deciding to get the secret by guile from Mr. Dillard, who, with his wife, was calling for bridge a few evenings later. The device was laid out in a conspicuous place before the Dillards arrived, and after a few rounds of bridge Mr. Edgell got up and picked it up with mock casualness.

"Well," he said, "ahuh-huh, you see I'm using it already."

"So I see," said Mr. Dillard, trying to look modest.

"Don't know what I'd do without it," continued Mr. Edgell.

"Can you work it all right?" asked Mrs. Dillard.

"Oh yes, works fine," said Mr. Edgell.

"So glad you like it," said Mr. Dillard. "Didn't have any trouble with it at all, eh?"

"Well, it *was* a little stiff at first."

"Stiff?" asked Mr. Dillard.

"Not exactly—uh—stiff," stammered Mr. Edgell. "You know how those things are." And added, "When they're new."

"Mine wasn't that way when it was new."

"Well, what I meant was I had a hard time fitting it into the bottle the first few times."

"Into the bottle!" shouted Mr. Dillard, and he and his wife exchanged bewildered glances. Mr. Edgell thought fast.

"Oh, while I think of it," he said hastily, "who d'you think I saw today? Old John Platte." He folded his hands and beamed across the room, as his guests began to talk about Old John Platte. That, he thought, was a mighty close call.

At ten o'clock the Dillards left. When they had gone Mr. Edgell undressed hurriedly and went to bed, where he lay awake studying. After an hour he got an idea. He would ask the Dillards in again on Sunday afternoon, and have his niece Alberta present. He would arrange with her beforehand to pick up the gadget, admire it, and ask him where it came from, and he would say Mr. Dillard had given it to him. Whereupon Alberta would turn to Mr. Dillard and ask him what it was. "But whatever is it?" she would say, in that inimitable manner of hers.

ON Sunday before the Dillards came he rehearsed Alberta in the scene painstakingly.

When they were ushered in he fluttered anxiously until finally Alberta sauntered over to the table, doing it very well, and picked up the gadget.

"Where'd you get this, Uncle Elmer?"

"Oh, that?" said her uncle, with evenness. "Why Mr. and Mrs. Dillard gave me that for Christmas."

Mr. and Mrs. Dillard smiled.

"Really?" said Alberta, "how nice," and she examined it more closely.

"I'm frightfully stupid about such things," she said to Mr. Dillard, "but whatever is it?"

"Don't you know?" he chuckled, with good-nature.

"No." Mr. Edgell became tense.

"Why, it doesn't amount to much, but I thought your uncle might like it. It's a—a—puzzle." There was a long pause, and finally Mr. Edgell leaned forward in his chair.

"Yes, Alberta," he said, sweetly, "and it's a damn good one."

—REED JOHNSTON

• •

ARE BIRDS ACQUIRING HUMAN INTELLIGENCE?

Some Authentic Instances Leading to This Hypothesis

BIRD	LOCALE	INTELLECTUAL FEAT
Finch	Columbia University	Employs a vocabulary of three hundred words (excluding profanity).
Bluejay	Wichita, Kan.	Drinks china-berry juice until intoxicated.
Woodpecker	Renton, Wash.	Drills holes in milk-bottle caps to suck the cream.
Touraco	London Zoo	Drinks tea only—refuses water.
Hen	Chicago	When stolen and brought to police station, it recognized its master instantly.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE ART GALLERIES

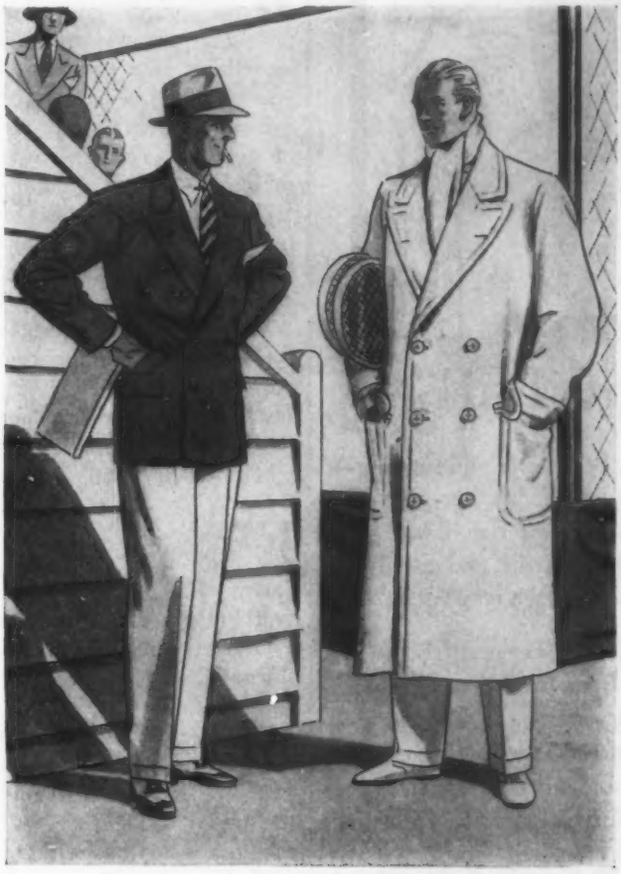
The Tide Turns

IT has been a fortnight of all sorts of shows with nothing particularly worth turning handsprings about. However, we went on a few side excursions and found some comfort in the way commerce is going in for art. These jaunts cheered us greatly in our endeavor to bring art to the dear people, whether they want it or not.

THE Whitney Studio Galleries had a combined exhibition of three of its especial favorites—Joseph Pollet, Henri Burkhard, and Max Kuehne. We have always had a feeling for Pollet. There was formerly a splendor and profligacy about him that caught our imagination. Perhaps he is now in one of those periods that are necessary for the progress of all artists, but to us it is not a very attractive one. We imagine somebody has told him he should paint bigger canvases. At any rate he has spread himself as to acreage, but without wisdom. Splayed across a greater area, his subjects do not have the punch they contained in the restricted confines of smaller pictures. There is not enough variety in his trees, and as a rule the compositions do not hang together. Pollet also has a passion for red, a color that baffles many a fine artist, and too often a blazing barn is stuck in without adequate tonal compromise. In the subjects where he has avoided his reds, as is the case in "The Lantern" and "Summer Quarters in Barn," he has achieved a more satisfying unity.

Burkhard is of the Braque persuasion, with now and then something that reminds you of Hartley. His color range is low and he has been content with various technical arrangements that hold the student. However, we find something to be desired in his composition.

The work of Max Kuehne is in a much higher key. We believe that this painter has been interested in pigment since modernism struck this country two decades ago, but we find most of his high color still undigested. In his foreign series, the "Road Near Granada" is pleasant in the manner



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"After the Ball"

About 2 A. M. she felt it slipping—her face. By 4 o'clock her chin was on her chest. Came the dawn. She tottered to the mirror and faced the awful truth—her face was "gone"!

What to do? Have a lifting? Or meekly take her place against the wall, with the Victorians . . . She decided to consult with one who is expert in the science and art of reconstructing faces—HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

And there in Helena Rubinstein's exotic Salon she realized what a vast difference there is between scientific *Beauty-builders* and inert creams which lend the skin a passing freshness. The real test of one's beauty technique comes "after the ball".

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Helena Rubinstein

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The Home-Treatment and Cosmetic Creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons.

of Cézanne. Of the others, we liked "Lambertville" most of all.

BRUMMER, who seldom cares what the public thinks about art, now and then throws open his gallery to something of a special nature. Then you can usually be sure of finding an exhibit that bears all the hallmarks of genius. The present occasion is a memorial to Raymond Duchamp-Villon, the sculptor in a family that made itself famous in modern art, and it is a show that affords an opportunity which will not pass your way again. These fragments from the doctor-artist's life will be dispersed, and probably not collected for future shows. His works seem to us things of promise rather than of fulfillment, containing poetry and an elusive beauty.

EVERY now and then we think we should give Macy's art department a great big hand; now we will not rest until art can be found at Reeves and the Atlantic & Pacific stores as well. The present show at Macy is a little above the average of its predecessors, since painters as well known as Frank London and Bradley Walker Tomlin are contributing to it. The purpose of the sponsors, though, is to throw the emphasis on younger men and women who do not show elsewhere. In this group you will find Natalie Van Vleck, a protégée of Elsa Driggs. Miss Van Vleck is of the mystics, and some of her work has real charm. Margaret Chaplin also is working toward something with her handling of masses.

J. ALDEN WEIR, one of the best of the favorites of the nineties, was lately shown at the Macbeth Gallery. Weir's paintings did not drop to low values when he died, as has been the case with so many of his contemporaries, and we imagine they will hold their appeal as long as his generation lasts. When your eyes are accustomed to skyscrapers, however, Weir seems a little sentimental and sweet. He came of the Whistler gray-and-brown era, and his effort was always for understatement. His paintings showed traces of having been influenced by Blakelock and even slightly by Monet, but the main body of his work was Whistler and Chase and the browns of yesteryear.

ALICE FLINT is having a show at the Dudensing Galleries. She has always had a wild palette, but

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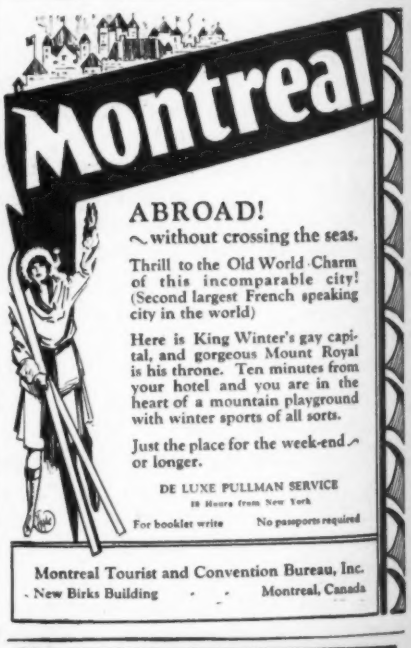
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gradually is bringing it under control. Her flower pieces are a sort of heavy Redon. She is best in her new manner, a sort of Braque and Picasso simplification.

LILLIAN GENTH had thirty-nine pictures hanging on the walls of the Grand Central emporium of art. Miss Genth's chief claim to fame is that last summer, while the news from the Bronx Zoo was at a low ebb and there were no particular murders to take up the newspapers' attention, she made several front pages by announcing that she had quit painting nudes, for religious and private reasons. After seeing some of them in this show, we are inclined to believe that the nudes quit first. The exhibit emphasized Romantic Spain, with bulls and shawls and everything. Miss Genth knows a little less about painting than any other of the many we have seen in these halls, and that is no mean record. The canvases, however, were large, and the frames were gold, and tea was served.

AN unusual collection of the etchings of Rembrandt is on view at the galleries of Kennedy & Co. . . . The National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors continues its exhibition at its rooms until January 26. . . . Fred Wagner shows oils at the Gallery of Helen Hackett. . . . Depero, "dynamic modernist presented by Christian Brinton," can be seen at the Guarino Gallery, 600 Madison Avenue. . . . Warren E. Cox states that while writing for the Encyclopædia Britannica he came in contact with so many of the "world's greatest artists" that he has opened a new gallery for them at 744 Madison Avenue. . . . The masks of W. T. Benda are on exhibition at the American Lithographic Co., 52 East Nineteenth Street. . . . The Art Alliance of America announces a competition, the award being two thousand dollars in cash, for the best design of—you'll never guess—a kitchen sink. Bring your sinks to 65 East Fifty-sixth Street. . . . Engravings, woodcuts, and etchings of the fifteenth century can be seen at Knoedler. —M. P.

•

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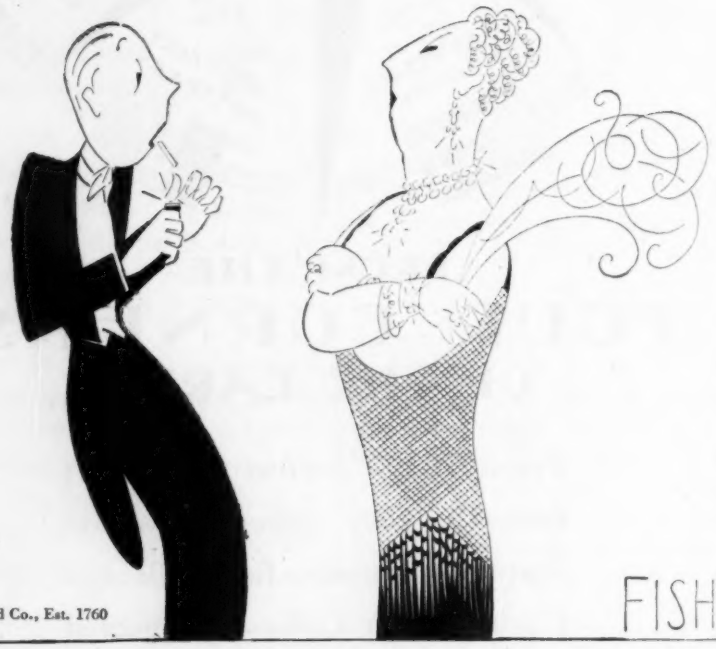

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MUSICAL

A Do-Something Season—

THIS is a music season in which it is distinctly fashionable to do something for somebody. Phonograph companies do things for composers, memorials and foundations do things for uninteresting performers, Mme. Jeritza steps into the breeches and saves the Metropolitan's "Rosenkavalier," Mr. Mengelberg tries to revive Mahler with a stunning production of "Das Lied von der Erde," and flu germs minister impartially to opera singers, reviewers, and people who can find unusual enjoyment in 'cello recitals.

THE Schubert Memorial has completed its public exhibitions for the season, and perhaps there might be some fun in attempting to estimate the value of the organization. Unfortunately, the second of the Memorial's two concerts was not much more illuminating than the first. Again there was a young lady who played the piano with a great deal of unnecessary virtuosity, but in place of a soprano previously announced, a young conductor, somewhat known to cinema and radio patrons, was invited to have a go at Brahms' First Symphony. The result of these performances probably will be that the pianiste will return to her studies, and the conductor to his jobs about town. Even if the young musicians had been heaven-stormers, they would have had a little difficulty in living up to the advance declarations of the Memorial, and as they were nothing sensational, they may have suffered rather than advanced from this concert. However, the Schubert Memorial is going on without drawing quite so heavily on the student personnel of the Juilliard school, it is said, and next year everything may be just perfect.

MME. JERITZA is becoming more and more of a public character, although her merits as an artist no longer are the cause for vehement debates. Except for a few rapturous maidens, male and female, who have tried to shove Mme. Jeritza into the sentimental niche once occupied by La Geraldine, it seems to be agreed that the lady who started this business of singing "Vissi d'arte" as close to the ground as possible is principally a smart show-

EVENTS

Jeritza—Prague's Pride

woman. Her assumption of the breeches of Octavian in "Der Rosenkavalier," after she had officially abandoned the rôle, made Mme. Jeritza something of a community benefactor, and her appearance in "Carmen" on the following afternoon marked her off as a thoroughly helpful entertainer.

ONE of the most colorful visits of the season is that of the Prague Teachers' Chorus, of which Metod Dolezil is conductor. There seem to be about fifty gentlemen in the ensemble, and since all of them are Prague pedagogues, perhaps you may wonder who is doing the school-teaching in Prague this winter. Prague's loss, however, is a fairly substantial gain for us, as the teachers sing with a great deal of brilliancy, suppleness, and for the most part with tonal charm. Occasionally, the tenors start screaming as though they were in an uptown performance of "Rigoletto," but it seemed to me that our visitors had more command over their resources than any male chorus that has dropped in for several years.

The music seemed a little monotonous, which only went to prove that there is a common bond between all male choruses. Mr. Dolezil conducted in the free-hand manner of all glee-club maestri, and enthusiasm was un-Czeched, if I may be permitted the spelling.

THE flu makes it possible for one who normally spends his evenings at concerts by musicians in person to improve himself by listening to some of these dramatizations of lives of great composers projected into space by our national networks. After hearing respectfully a few of these compositions, I find that there was not so much difference between Beethoven and Wagner, for instance, as one might have been led to suspect from reading biographies. In fact, the radio makes it clear that all great composers spoke with a genuine Ohio accent, gave birth to their masterpieces in full view of admiring friends, and invariably were polite to ladies.

I also have discovered that there is some sort of gold medal to be awarded to the radio announcer whose efforts are most distinct, most correct, and most conspicuous for something known as cultural effect. I take it that this

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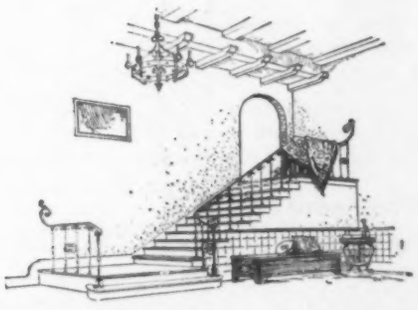

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is restricted only to announcements made in English, as the cultural effects exhaled by the announcers whom I have had the pleasure of hearing include such innovations as "Beethoven," with the accent on the third syllable, "Rohbart Schumann," "Guhyouknow" (the composer of "Faust"), and "Eugene Onagon" (the opera of Tschaikowsky, pronounced "Tschaikossky"). So far as English is concerned, I have heard comparatively few mispronunciations of words of less than three syllables.

—R. A. S.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

Bravura Month on the Keyboards—Show Pieces and Some Symphonies

VIRTUOSITY comes to the fore in the January player-piano rolls. Many of the perforated strips are full of tricky passages—note especially the Dohnanyi contribution to the Ampico list—and there are many good samples of the old-fashioned bravura exhibition. By companies:

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ETUDE, OP. 25, No. 1 (Aeolian Harp)—Chopin. Played by E. Robert Schmitz. One of the best recorders in a poetic projection of this celebrated study.

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FRÜHLINGSNACHT — Schumann-Liszt. Played by Marguerite Volavy. A highly Lisztian version of a highly Schumannesque song, handsomely performed in a highly Volavyan manner.

DUO-ART

DOUMKA—Tschaikowsky. Played by Vladimir Horowitz. A brilliant recording by a pianist who has about everything.

THE SEA—Palmgren. Played by Katherine Goodson. And a good rough sea it is! Mme. Goodson makes it behave without taming it, as it were.

ROMANCE IN A-FLAT—Mozart. Played by Rudolph Ganz. A fasci-

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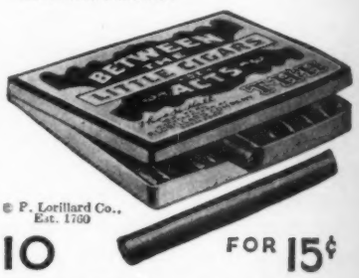

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DANCE, LITTLE LADY. Played by Howard Lutter.

I GOT A WOMAN. Played by Ford Gray.

DUO-ART

BLUE NIGHT. Played by Frank Milne.

DOIN' THE RACCOON. Played by Harvey Maddon.

LET'S DO IT. Played by Constance Mering. —POP

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[*Ms. Found on a Bottle*]

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It seems to me preposterous
That humankind should foster us
Sae long, observe us weel, yet cast aspersions
Upon us Scots, whose gravity
Precludes the least depravity—
Yet scandal's chief among the world's diversions!

Whenever (weather showery
Inducing damsels flowery
To park their damp umbrellas in the lobby)
The rug gets—less immaculate,
Some servant will ejaculate,
"Saints save us now! The impidence o' Bobby!"

Again, if haberdashery
Shows evidence o' gnashery,
My sovereign lord (at times a very gaby!)
Dispensing wi' detectivery,
O'erwhelms me with invectivery—
Forgetting shoes are *hors d'œuvre* to a *baby!*

The brawny dame Hibernian
Wha rules the depths Avernian
Whence savors douce proclaim the commissary,
If missing beef or venison,
Is ready with a benison
Gey Celtic—hard on errant doggies, very!

And thus it goes, unhappily . . .
Unquestioningly, snappily,
I stand to orders like a well-drilled kiltie,
Yet smart for ithers' blundering!
—I'm growing grizzled wondering
Why blameless pups maun suffer aye for guilty!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

HOW TO READ THE NEW YORK TIMES

[From the Times]

First, possess its news. Read the important articles not cursorily, but reflectively.

Second, read it as a continuous story. Trace history, day by day, through its columns.

Third, use the news as a text. Consider the questions it raises. Seek the answers to those questions (you will find many of them in the Sunday newspaper).

Fourth, consider the significance of the news. Reflect on its possibilities.

Fifth, form your own opinion.

Sixth, check up on your opinion.

And seventh, drink your coffee, kiss the wife, and run for the 8:36.

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and

on the stage the petroffian revue "barcelona," oh, so spanish with rodemich, rubinoff and the paramount stage bandsky.

and

at the console, organically speaking, is jesse crawford and perhaps his spouse; there are other novelties . . . also.

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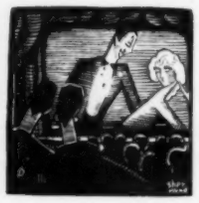
THE CURRENT CINEMA

South Sea Islanders and Our President Coolidge



A GOOD job has been done with Conrad's novel, "The Rescue," now on the screen at the Rialto. In spite of the picturesque possibilities of the background, of the Java Sea and the Malay Archipelago, this story would not seem easily adaptable to the movies. Not only is the action of the plot complicated by the obscure politics of the Malay tribes, but the underlying theme is the subtle, not easily translatable one of racial loyalty, of that subterranean instinct which in the final issue allies the whites against the natives.

The producers of the movie have not ignored this thesis of Conrad's; indeed they have adhered to the character of the novel with unusual fidelity. They have simplified it, certainly, by emphasizing the sentimental features of the story, and they have not been fortunate in the Lady Edith Travers of the screen, who is a typical movie beauty and scarcely the restrained Englishwoman of Conrad's book, who seemed to her husband dangerously eccentric.

This is the story of Captain Lingard, an adventurer of the South Seas, a gunrunner who has involved himself out of gratitude and affection in the affairs of the Malay islanders. At a critical moment in these intrigues an English yacht goes aground on the coast; it is a question of leaving the occupants of the yacht to the mercies of the natives or of rescuing them and, in so doing, abandoning the plans of years and betraying friends and allies.

Ronald Colman plays Lingard with a fine sense of the divers aspects of the character. Moreover, the atmosphere of the setting, so important in a Conrad novel, has been beautifully caught by the photography. There are glamorous views of islands, of the southern sea at night, of the wind in the sails of a brig, sudden glimpses of the play of oars as a small boat makes its way out of the darkness, glimpses of a body diving through the surf.

HIGH romance is not by any means the note of the other pictures. At the Paramount, "The Case of Lena

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Managing Director

Smith" was another film to disprove that unsustainable theory that the movies writhe their way to a happy ending, cost what it may. This is a realistic sketch of a servant girl, in the days of the Hapsburg Vienna, who is secretly married to an officer. The girl has such a hard time of it, and is so completely helpless in her distress that the young ladies of America will have to do research work on an outworn social system to understand her at all.

"FORBIDDEN LOVE," which opened at the Cameo, is from Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in Her Parlor." It deals with the royal problems of a princess of Krayia and is much like all movies of imaginary kingdoms, its conspicuous novelty being the glass tub in which H. R. H. takes the morning dip. The noted Coward touch is not evident. Billie Dove, at the Strand, appeared as a Russian refugee countess in "Adoration," a film presenting the familiar trials of the Russian nobility trying to make ends meet as waitresses in Paris cafés. At the Capitol, "A Lady of Chance" was the one picture of the week with an American scene. It presents Norma Shearer, as an alumna of Joliet, in a rather vivacious blackmail drama. At the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, "Rasputin, the Holy Sinner" was slightly disappointing, as the story of the great priest is rendered with a heavy German touch, and the details of his assassination follow only vaguely and very awkwardly the best-known account of the business.

INCIDENTALLY some comment should be made on a newsreel (not a comic) which has been shown during the last week or two. The picture of President Coolidge in an oxcart leads us to profound and awestruck reflection—reflection on life, you know, and the meaning of things. —J. C. M.

•

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED

[*From the Logan (O.) Republican*]

Miss Jeanne Bullard and Miss Harriet Dutcher were among the guests at the hotel Saturday night when the fire broke out forcing them to flee in their nightclothes. Between 12 and 1 o'clock they were awakened by the cry of fire. With presence of mind, and the aid of a Chicago man who happened to be an occupant of the room, they jumped across an area to the roof of a building below.

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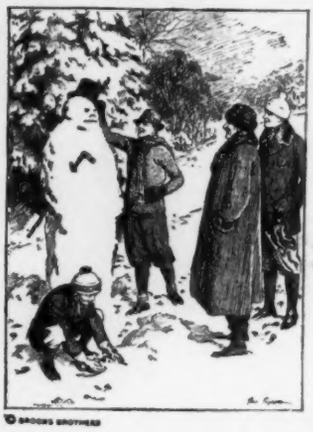

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Notes for the Novice—Direct

WE know, of course, that most Florida-goers can find their own way around, but even hardened habitués have their occasional lapses, and there are always people planning the trip for the first time. For them we have made the following brief notes. Most of the fun at Palm Beach centres around the Bath and Tennis Club, where many of the people you know spend the greater part of the day. The Everglades Club, which is the place where you should entertain, is jammed. The Alba and Whitehall hotels are, as before, very smart. A number of people remain loyal to the older Royal Poinciana and the Royal Daneli, which are still expensive and correspondingly popular. The new Breakers, on the site of the old one, is wonderful, and has its casino and beach to the south. Those who don't use the Bath and Tennis beach prefer to swim there. The Everglades Inn, not on the beachfront, is smaller, quieter, less expensive, but nevertheless charming.

THE golf course at the Palm Beach Country Club has been so much improved that it now takes precedence over the one at the Golf Club, which used to be the favorite. Both have eighteen holes, and it is on these two courses that all the big matches are held. Play at the Everglades Club, which has only nine holes, is strictly limited to regular members, but guests at all the big hotels can have the privileges of the Country Club and Golf Club courses merely by applying to the club committees.

There have been dark rumors that as a result of an interdict on betting at the Miami racetrack the good stables have removed to Havana, but you will still find at Miami Beach tennis, golf, marvellous fishing, swimming, steeplechasing, yacht anchorages, and the Flamingo and Roney-Plaza Hotels, both really excellent. At Coral Gables, the Miami-Biltmore and Country Club is offering American-plan rates, not a bad idea when you are settling down for a few weeks.

ALL these resorts are on the east coast of Florida, and are reached by rail, via the Florida East Coast

OWN

e Luxe—In Praise of Old Nassau

Railway (in cahoots with the Atlantic Coast Line) or the Seaboard Air Line. The two best Florida East Coast trains are the Miamian and the Florida Special, the latter a de luxe two-nights-one-day train, all the way to Palm Beach. The Orange Blossom Special of the Seaboard Line is a two-days-one-night train, running to West Palm Beach. Going to the West Coast—St. Petersburg, Punta Gorda, Boca Grande, all quieter and probably more restful resorts—you go to Jacksonville, and then down on the Gulf side either by Atlantic Coast Line or Seaboard.

You can, if you like, go to Florida by boat, which has various advantages, in that you can stretch your legs and save on transportation. The Savannah Line runs steamers from Boston and New York to Savannah, after which you take a train or motor (they will carry your car uncrated, as baggage). The Clyde Line runs ships direct from New York to Miami, and very gorgeous they are for coastwise steamers; particularly the new sister ships, Shawnee and Iroquois.

NASSAU, with pink sand, gambling, the comparative freedom of British law, and a smart crowd, is a port of call for almost every West Indies cruise. Its harbor is crammed with yachts, and if you must have exercise, you will find a fine eighteen-hole golf course with grass greens, a lot of tennis courts, big-time fishing, and famous swimming. The Munargo of the Munson Line (the only one with a direct Nassau service) plies its regular route to and from New York, leaving New York every Friday, and Nassau every Monday. Munson also runs an overnight ship from Miami to Nassau twice a week; and the Pan-American Airways will take you over by air.

The New Colonial, expensive and beautifully equipped, is the hotel favored by the more hilarious set. The Royal Victoria is smaller, quieter, and older; both are owned by the Munson Line, at whose office, 67 Wall Street, you can make steamer and hotel reservations. There is a third hotel, the Fort Montague, large, new, and good.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

PASSPORT PHOTO LEADS TO ARREST—*Headline in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

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RECENT BOOKS

Love Among the Entomologists

ETHELREDA LEWIS, as (almost) everyone knows, discovered Trader Horn. Now comes her own novel, "Mantis," which has no need of Trader Horn's reputation to sustain it. The scene is South Africa, the habitat of Mrs. Lewis as well as of the mantis. We never heard of the mantis, not being entomological, but the Encyclopædia Britannica helped us out. It is an evil insect with a saintly name, Mantis Religiosa, and tigerish instincts. It is afraid of ants but fearless with caterpillars, flies, and grasshoppers. The Arabs say that it prays with its face toward Mecca, and it figures in a great many folk tales. This must be its first excursion into fiction.

"Mantis" is the story of James Gilfillan, who starts out in Ireland as a minister of the gospel, and becomes, in a perfectly logical manner, a professor of entomology in a South African university. His assistant on an insect-hunting expedition fails him, and this shy scholar who can't even bear to have women in his classroom is forced to take a substitute, Jane Taighler, the most engaging and elfin young Celt who ever drew a picture of a wasp. It turns out to be a momentous expedition in every way: for the professor, who falls in love with Jane; for Jane, who falls in love with someone else; for the young men who share in the finding of a mysterious and ancient tomb. The book has tartness, and beauty, and understanding not only of the human beings with whom it is concerned, but also of the eerie "back country" into which they penetrate.

WE took up Marian Storm's first novel, "The Gallant Came Late," with considerable curiosity, because we have liked her way of writing for a long time. Her book, like so many first books, is most satisfying when it is touching scenes and emotions which must have been part of her own experience. The childhood of Allard Vauclain and "Pop," somewhere down in Maine, is simple and true. It has in it all the elements of realism without sordidness, of a tender relationship without sentimentality. From it we got a tingling sense of sweet-smelling hay, of frost on apples, and mince pies, succulent in a wood oven. When Allard comes to New York to study singing, we felt a break in the stream of the story. It was as though Miss Storm had cast off recollection and had started in to write fiction. Things happen just a bit too fortuitously: the benign stranger who buys her old chicken-feeding coat at the moment she is reduced to stealing the capybara's hominy at the Zoo; her meeting with Niel, the humanitarian, at another low ebb of her fortunes; her love affair with Raoul. Allard herself stays a moving and convincing person even to the fantastic climax.

EDNA BRYNER's earlier novel, "Andy Brandt's Ark," was much acclaimed. It is now followed by "While the Bridegroom Tarried," which we found very tiresome and turgid. The bridegroom is a young man who is not quite a genius and not quite a cad, but who has potentialities of being both. The blurb on the jacket says that the book is "a brilliant psychological study of a man as shown in his relationship to women . . . a Greek drama in modern setting and illuminated by modern research and thought."

Alden Bennington has a mother fixation of sorts, and a narcissus complex of sorts, which ought to be enough to make any wife happy. He marries Louise though he is in love with Harriet, and begets children in so far as time permits until he goes to the West Indies, where he tarries for quite a while. The second half

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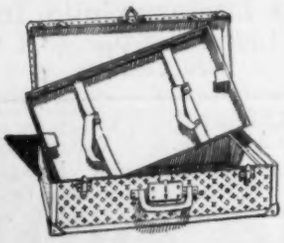

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of the book chronicles his life after Louise's death. A great deal of ability seems to us to have been wasted on this novel.

WE were somewhat disappointed in "Peder Victorious," by O. E. Rolvaag, which carries on the fine and simple story of "Giants in the Earth" to the second generation. It may be that the second generation has lost some of the lustiness and the nobility of the first. Certainly Peder seemed to us to have suffered from the process of Americanization. Something of his pioneer father, Per Hansa, stirs in him, but Peder himself is not built on epic lines. He is youth in conflict with authority. The nature of this authority is the most interesting part of the book to us, for out of the timid, homesick, reluctant-pioneer wife of "Giants in the Earth" has evolved Beret, the mother, fighting to keep her children Norwegians in a community growing yearly more American. The struggle between mother and son involves all the aspects of their lives; their language, their religion, their interchange of ideas, and, as time passes, their manners and customs, their social relationships. The struggle ends, as so many such do, with something of victory and something of defeat on each side. The novel was, for us, less rounded and less meaty than its predecessor, but it did serve to recall most vividly the enduring excellence of "Giants in the Earth."

M. L. HASKINS' "Through Beds of Stone" we read with mingled irritation and admiration. What actually happens in the story is of no great moment. Even the author seems to regard each incident as an opportunity to withdraw and examine minutely the workings of Margaret Meredith's mind. Since Margaret was an introspective and egocentric seeker after truth and her soul's salvation, these opportunities arise on nearly every page. Nevertheless to us the book was full of insidious interest. By and by we stopped considering it as a novel and read it as a spiritual biography. It is an exceptional book, in many ways a distinguished book, whose light will probably hide under a bushel. It demands too much thinking on the part of the reader (also its print is too fine for most eyes).

There are two episodes in Margaret's childhood which seemed to us to be recorded with rare understanding and poignancy: her first fumbling with a

literal religion, whereupon temptation assails her in the form of a new petticoat just as she has decided to become an austere saint; and her first encounter with death, the death of her adored twin sister. She loses her faith during adolescence and then sets about with the zeal of a crusader to substitute for it a philosophy and a method of life. She achieved this when the man who loved her killed himself, and she was never less human and likeable than at that moment. —R. L. L.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag (*Harper*). The author of "Giants in the Earth" carries on the story of Per Hansa's son in a sincere story of the revolt of youth.

Through Beds of Stone, by M. L. Haskins (*Knopf*). Really distinguished writing and a close analysis of the growth of a woman's soul. Not for the reader who wants his plots hot off the griddle.

While the Bridegroom Tarried, by Edna Bryner (*Dutton*). The story of an egoist and his relations to various women. It is a curious and not always lucid story, pretentiously written.

The Gallant Came Late, by Marion Storm (*Putnam*). A first novel of sincerity and beauty, particularly effective in its treatment of the heroine's youth on a Maine farm.

Mantis, by Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). The discoverer of Trader Horn makes entomology in South Africa the background for a novel of unusual freshness and romantic appeal.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman (*Holt*). A novel in the Hardy tradition, with a farm as its central figure.

Private Suhren, by George von der Vring (*Harper*). The daily life and thought of a private soldier in the German war machine.

Six Moral Tales from Jules Lafourge (*Liveright*). Frances Newman's excellent translation of six sophisticated fables, among them Lohengrin, Hamlet, Salome, Perseus.

The Rebel Generation, by Jo van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Charming presentation of three generations of rebellious women in a Dutch family.

Mist, by Miguel de Unamuno (*Knopf*). A philosopher turns novelist, and we thought the result not too successful. There are, however, some bright spots in this fantastic tale told in the eighteenth-century manner.

The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall (*Covici, Friede*). An honest and restrained study of a pathological problem. beautifully written and apt to produce controversy. Worth reading.

The Mad Professor, by Hermann Sudermann (*Liveright*). A university professor who taught philosophy and loved life is the protagonist of this impressive novel about the Germany which made the war possible.

Stride of Man, by Thames Williamson (*Coward-McCann*). The pioneer process is reversed in this excellent "East-

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ward Ho," the story of a motor magnate's career.

Less recent:

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig. HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel. UNDINE, by Olive Schreiner. THE CRIME OF DR. GARINE, by Boris Sokoloff. SOME MEN AND WOMEN, by Marie Belloc Lowndes. JOSHUA'S VISION, by William J. Locke. THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928. O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1928. LILY CHRISTINE, by Michael Arlen. THE WANDERER, by Alain Fournier.

MYSTERIES

THE SPECTACLES OF DR. CAGLIOSTRO, by Harry S. Keeler (*Dutton*). A millionaire's son receives a strange bequest from his father, and finds himself committed to an asylum for the insane. A twentieth-century version of Reade's "Hard Cash."

THE HIDDEN WOMAN, by James Hay, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*). That bootlegging and love do not mix is the lesson taught by this not-too-convincing murder story.

THE TULE MARSH MURDER, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). Good writing added to an ingenious plot makes this one of the most entertaining mystery stories we have read in a long time.

MURDER AT SEA, by Richard Connell (*Minton, Balch*). Loud huzzahs for this detective story in which a man is discovered murdered on a Bermuda-bound liner. Lots of eligible criminals and a well-bred detective.

ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). Two skillful writers collaborate in writing a highly diverting detective story whose style compensates for a not too convincing plot.

THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS, by Irving Bacheller (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An actual murder trial in upstate New York supplies the plot for this novel, which we found slow-going and not very entertaining.

GENERAL

THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook (*Harcourt, Brace*). Voodoo, witchcraft, and black magic in Haiti make this an exciting and colorful book. The author writes from his own unusual experiences.

THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A characteristic group of reflections on contemporary tendencies, with guesses and forecasts of the years ahead, which have appeared in a somewhat abridged form in the *Times* magazine section.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY, edited by Mark Van Doren (*Boni*). All countries and all periods are represented by the best translations available. A fine piece of editing and easy to carry around.

THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, by Count Egon Caesar Corti (*Cosmopolitan*). A continuation of the history of the golden Titans from 1830 to the present day. A fascinating story even if you don't know anything about finance.

CAWDOR, by Robinson Jeffers (*Liveright*). A long narrative poem with great dramatic power, intellectual vigor, and the sweep of a Greek drama.

BLACK ROCK AND OTHER POEMS, by John Gould Fletcher (*Macmillan*). Mr. Fletcher's new collection of verses is rich and varied.

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WINTER WORDS IN VARIOUS MOODS AND METRES, by Thomas Hardy (*Macmillan*). Hardy's last poems, intellectual rather than lyrical but nevertheless full of an austere and rugged beauty.

THE GREAT ENLIGHTMENT, by Lee Wilson Dodd (*Harper*). Worth reading for the title poem alone, in which Mr. Dodd turns a satiric and Popian eye upon modern manners and letters.

OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN, edited by Doris Fleischman (*Doubleday, Doran*). The many fields of women's activities are discussed by women who have succeeded in them.

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT, by Analyticus (*Brentano*). Analyticus discusses what nine distinguished Jews actually *are* in order to discover what the Jew really is.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. van Loon tells the story of man's inventions in his sprightly manner.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, (*Macmillan*). What marriage to a genius is really like—the story of the young girl who married Dostoyevsky, transcribed from her shorthand diary.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, by Florence Emily Hardy (*Macmillan*). A picture of the early life of Thomas Hardy (1840-1891) pieced together by his wife from diaries, notebooks, and letters.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR, by Madame du Hausset (*Brentano*). A lady-in-waiting kept her recollections of a king's mistress, and they make entertaining reading.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, by Mary Lawton (*Macmillan*). Ernestine Schumann-Heink's recollections of a long and varied career. Full of anecdotes and photographs.

Less recent:

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII, by W. E. Edwards. FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS by Lyle Saxon. JUBILEE JIM: THE LIFE OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR., by Robert H. Fuller. I SAW IT MYSELF, by Henri Barbusse. FOOL'S ERRAND, by Alexander Laing. THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer. SONNETS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS, by Sisley Huddleston. 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA OR DAVID COPPERFIELD, by Robert Benchley. MIDSUMMER NIGHT, by John Masefield. THE TERRIBLE SIREN, by Emanie Sachs. THIS MAN ADAMS, by Samuel McCoy. WEST-RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, by Lytton Strachey. LIFE IN LETTERS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, edited by Mildred Howells. THE WORLD DOES MOVE, by Booth Tarkington. MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS, by Eddie Cantor. ON DOING THE RIGHT THING, by Albert Jay Nock.

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Mrs. E—— S——, said to be a direct descendant of Betsy Ross, daughter of the American flag, and of Alexander Hamilton, father of the national currency system, who lost his life in a duel with Aaron Burr in 1804, died at Alton, Ill., Sunday at the age of 82. Betsy Ross was her ancestor on the paternal side and Alexander Hamilton on the maternal side.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Death, we assume, was from confusion.

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